

2 "I heard of a villa to-day," Richard began. "It's at

3 See and Saw, and Sacch'ry Down,  
London is a gallant town!  
Now he gathers riches in,  
Thicker, faster, pin by pin;  
Pins apiece to see his show,  
Boys and girls flock row by row;  
From their clothes the pins they take,  
Risk a whipping for his sake;  
From their clothes the pins they pull  
To fill Namb'y's cushion full.  
Henry Crayv. "Namb'y-Pamb'y".

## A high-contrast, black and white photograph showing a close-up of a person's legs and feet, possibly wearing traditional sandals, standing on a sandy or dirt ground. The image is heavily shadowed, with bright highlights on the feet and the ground.





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Cover picture

East Timor: three FRETELIN guerrillas in territory held by the resistance movement. Their weapons were most probably captured from the Indonesian army.

# The schoolboy's heaven, the novelist's hell

## David Lodge

ANTHONY BURGESS  
*Little Wilson and Big God*  
460pp, Heinemann, £12.95.  
043408191

Anthony Burgess hardly knew his mother, who died in circumstances as poignant and dramatic as any novelist could invent. His father, waiting to be demobbed from the Army in 1919, came home to Manchester on leave to find his wife and daughter corpses, victims of Spanish flu, while his infant son lay burbling in his cot. The father, Burgess suspects, subconsciously resented his son's survival, and sought to shuffle off parental responsibility on the widow he married a few years later. She was the busy landlady of the pub where he played the bar piano, with two grown-up daughters of her own, and little time or love to spare for her stepson. There was no Oedipal phase in Burgess's childhood, and he grew up to regret the absence of passion and tenderness in his family relationships - the "emotional coldness that was established then and which, apart from other faults, has marred my work". It is, I suppose, true that, for all their energy and gusto, Burgess's novels are somewhat lacking in emotional warmth, though it is not a judgment I should have presumed to make. That he has made it himself is typical of this unflinchingly candid autobiography.

It is the first instalment of a two-part work, and takes us up to Burgess's decision (for very special, not to say melodramatic reasons) to become a full-time writer at the age of forty-two. He conceived the idea of writing it while waiting gloomily for a plane in New York, partly to forestall two other self-nominated biographers, partly because he had just torn up a hundred and seventy pages of a new novel, partly because, as he approached three score years and ten, he was becoming increasingly aware of his mortality (some young people in Minneapolis, a few days earlier, had been surprised to find him still alive). He predicts that the second volume, provisionally entitled *You've Had Your Time*, will bring his literary career to an end ("it started late, but there are many capacious critics who think it has gone on too long").

Whether or not this prediction proves correct (I shall be surprised and sorry if it does), there is no doubt that novelists are well advised to postpone the writing of their autobiography as long as possible. It is somewhat disingenuous of Burgess to pretend that their lives are of little interest. To their readers (of whom Burgess has a considerable number) they are of intense interest. This interest seems to be a legacy of the Romantic poetic of literature as self-expression, which the critical counter-revolutions of our time (the modernist cult of "impersonality", the post-structuralist declaration of the Death of the Author) have hardly dislodged. The curiosity readers feel about their hands is something that the media and the literary market-place eagerly exploit - through interviews, profiles, meet-the-author events, and so on. Most writers collaborate in these activities either out of vanity or to sell their books, but usually with a degree of anxiety. They recognize that public interest in themselves is a double-edged tribute, which may demote their work to the status of a mere mask or cover for the "real" person. The most frequent question addressed to authors is, "How far is your work autobiographical?" There are dangers in answering it.

An autobiography is, of course, a kind of fiction, and can conceal as much as it reveals. (Graham Greene, for instance, has published two volumes of autobiography that are masterpieces of self-concealment.) But Burgess has not followed this path. He has let it all hang out - not only emptied his pockets, but pulled out the linings, revealing, inevitably, some unseemly debris. This autobiography is subtitled "Being the first part of the Confessions of Anthony Burgess", and certainly gives the impression of being a truthful and unvarnished account of his life. It is not, to be sure, a spiritual or psychological masterpiece to be compared with the confessions of St Augustine and Rousseau, but it is a fascinating and remarkably courageous book, self-critical but not falsely modest. It is also wonderfully entertaining, stuffed with marvellous anecdotes. Some of them, inevitably, have already found their way into Burgess's novels.

Faced with two versions of the same story, one historical and one fictional, most people in our invertebrate empiricist culture will tend to regard the former as more "real", hence more meaningful; but the novelist is someone who believes the opposite - otherwise he wouldn't go to the trouble of writing fiction. These fictions, however, have the superficial appearance of the historical, and the novelist works his effect partly by concealing the seams that join what he has experienced to what he has

researched or invented. To publish one's autobiography is an invitation to literal-minded readers to unpick the stitching.

Readers of Burgess's most recent novel, *The Pianoplayers*, for instance, will recognize in *Little Wilson and Big God* several incidents, like the death of the mother, that appear virtually unaltered in the novel, and will readily perceive where he has used and where departed from the facts of his own relationship, as a child, with his piano-playing father. There is a risk that the life-history of the novel's female narrator will seem more far-fetched than it already does by comparison with the autobiography - partly because it is already settled and established in our minds as literary fiction, and partly because, taken as a whole, it is above all remarkable for its fertility of invention. Burgess's (in order of composition) fifth novel, *The Right to an Answer*, was, he records here, almost wholly invented. "That I could invent was the final proof, to me, that I had not mistaken my vocation." It took him, however, a long time to discover it.

The name "Anthony Burgess" is itself a fiction, thinly disguising the identity of John Burgess Wilson, who took Anthony as his confirmation name. This is a pious custom of the Roman Catholic Church, in which the young John Wilson was brought up. His father was a Catholic of recusant stock, though somewhat wayward, not to say absent-minded, in his allegiance (he once entered a church wearing his hat and smoking a cigarette, under the impression that it was a pub, a more habitual place of resort). His stepmother had married into the Dwyers, a staunchly Catholic family of Manchester Irish who produced George Patrick Dwyer, Bishop of Leeds and later Archbishop of Birmingham. Anthony Burgess (as I will continue to call him) attended Catholic schools, and although he subsequently lapsed from the Church this education marked his work almost as indelibly as it did the work of his master, James Joyce. Some slightly impatient asides suggest that he still considers himself a more authentically Catholic writer than literary converts like Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene.

Burgess's memoirs of a Catholic childhood are vivid and often painfully funny. There was the primary school ruled over by Sister Ignatius, "a sort of Lancashire fishwife got up as a nun. She conducted morning prayers as though crying fresh halibut. Prayers were lengthy and

featured the Virgin Mary more than her Son or the great fuming dyspeptic God who raged round his punishment laboratory." Burgess moved on to St Xavier's College, whose headmaster, Brother Martin, "mercurial, capricious, unpredictable and dangerous", bore more than a passing resemblance to that image of God the Father. Boys awaiting corporal punishment were made to stand with their hands above their heads at assembly, inducing delirium. Burgess was expelled for insubordination and readmitted after a bribe.

The atmosphere of religious guilt and punishment inevitably coloured the young boy's attitude to sex. He was initiated into its pleasures very early, at the age of ten or eleven, by a succession of servant girls who shared his attic bedroom. One encouraged him to fondle her breasts, another got into bed with him in the middle of a thunderstorm and taught him "what heaven was". A heaven meriting hell: the devil's heaven. I now had to face confession. "The scandalized priest beat at the grille with a rolled-up newspaper (he had been covertly reading the racing pages) and demanded the young sinner's name. Burgess had the guts to invoke the anonymity of the confessional. It wasn't long before he was enjoying "a sinless variety of the sin of Sodom" with another noble maid. At fifteen he picked up a young Protestant girl at the cinema and stretched out naked with her on the floor of her scruffy living room. A future novelist's eye noted a soiled sanitary towel under a chair. The rapturous "heaven" of a disrobed female body, embraced in squalid surroundings, is a leitmotif of Burgess's erotic life, reaching its apotheosis in the beds of the East: perhaps a melonymic displacement of Catholic guilt about the "dirty" act on to its context. Meanwhile, his sexual apprenticeship proceeded. A matronly WEA lecturer, encountered at the Manchester public library, took the schoolboy Burgess home and instructed him in contraception, sexual technique and the rudiments of dialectical materialism, on the rug in front of her gas fire.

This adventurous adolescence did not lead to a sexually fulfilled early manhood. At Manchester University, nice girls didn't. Sex was "dirty or impersonal or both" - and in short supply, until Burgess met and fell in love with a student called Llewellyn ("Lynne") Jones. She too had been precociously initiated into sex, at the age of fourteen. Their engagement and subsequent marriage, which lasted till Lynne's death in 1968, was unconventional to say the

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least, neither party demanding or expecting sexual fidelity from the other. The stormy history of this relationship runs like a dark thread through the rest of the narrative.

Burgess read English at Manchester because he didn't have the physics qualification required to read music, his first choice. He had wanted to be a composer ever since he was thirteen, and taught himself to play and transcribe with a little help from his pianist father. Attending Hallé concerts and listening to all kinds of music on the radio, from Schoenberg to Joe Loss, were formative experiences of his early life. It was years before he reluctantly surrendered the ambition to earn his living as a composer, and even so it determined his choice of an alternative vocation: "the novel, the only literary genre for failed composers."

The bridge between these two art forms was James Joyce. When Burgess announced his disenchantment with Catholicism in the sixth form at St Xavier's (the chaplain said it was a case of little Wilson and big God) a minister recommended that he read *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, perhaps anticipating that the hell-fire sermon would frighten him back into conformity, which indeed it did. By the time he went to university, however, Burgess, like Stephen Dedalus, had lapsed again, this time for good. He had also read *Ulysses* and soon acquired *Finnegans Wake*.

He took both books with him, and little else, when he was called up into the wartime army.

When he wrote his first novel, *A Vision of Battleships*, he drew on his military service in Gibraltar but based the narrative on the *Aeneid*, as Joyce had based *Ulysses* on the *Odyssey*. Joyce's "mythic method", Burgess plausibly argues, was not merely scaffolding which could be dismantled once the building was complete, but also a way of adding density and resonance, enhancing the pleasure of the text. Such multilayering, which Burgess compares to the vertical scoring of symphonic music, has always been a feature of his fiction, and makes it something of a bridge between modernism and postmodernism. Unlike most British novelists who started publishing in the 1950s, Burgess revered the mythopoeia of the moderns and paid it the tribute of imitation. Later, in works like *A Clockwork Orange* and *MIF*, he showed himself capable of wholly original experiment in language and narrative form, and thus helped leave the British novel out of the neorealist rut in which the Movement and the Angry Young Men had left it.

Burgess was called up into the Medical Corps and subsequently transferred to the Education Corps, being attached to a number of hospitals, depots and garrisons, far from any combat zone. His experiences seem more like those of a peacetime National Serviceman than

of a soldier in the epic struggle for Europe, and I understand now why, reviewing my own novel about National Service, *Ginger, You're Banney*, some twenty-five years ago in the *Observer*, Burgess complained that "Mr Lodge spells things out as though there was no British Army before 1956". Curiously enough, a wholly invented episode in my novel, in which two guards ambush a bullying corporal, has an almost exact factual parallel in Burgess's narrative. Like me, he was chiefly struck by the way the Army replicated the worst features of the British class system and the way it set out to make life uncomfortable for anyone with intellectual pretensions. A memorable epiphany (in the Joycean sense) occurs when he stands "in the pounding rain with a bank manager, a senior librarian and an anthropologist with a Durham MA, under a towering heap of human faeces" which they have been instructed to shovel on to a lorry.

During the war Lynne had a fairly important job in the Board of Trade in London, where Burgess visited her frequently on forged leave passes signed with the names of various modern writers (eg "Ford Madox Ford, Capt. for Lt. Col."). He began to haunt the literary pubs of Fitzrovia, where Lynne had an *entrée*. While he was in Gibraltar, she "technically committed adultery" with Dylan Thomas, though "to go to bed with Dylan was to offer little more than maternal comfort". In 1944 Lynne was robbed and cruelly beaten up by a gang of American deserters, and the experience seemed to change her personality. It certainly started her on the alcohol addiction that finally killed her. When Burgess was grudgingly granted leave he found a distant and frigid wife who appeared to be hesitating over which of two brothers she would ditch him for. It seemed to Burgess that he was watching a play whose author he had once met in a pub. It was evidently a black comedy, for he was required to impersonate one of his rivals to prevent them all being thrown out of a hotel.

In the event the Burgesses stayed married, in spite of all the infidelities, quarrels, financial crises and vocational frustrations of their life together, first in postwar Britain, where

Burgess (having now abandoned musical ambitions for literary ones) eked a wretched living as a schoolmaster, subsequently in Malaya and Brunei, where he was a college lecturer. Burgess explored the fleshpots of the East and revelled in the sexual vocabulary of Malay, in which the term for orgasm literally means "the structure has gone into an ecstatic trance" and to fall in love is "to allow one's liver to tumble on to its orbit or toward somebody". Always a natural linguist, he made the other colonialists jealous by passing his examinations in Malay in record time. His early novels were published with modest success, but *The Enemy in the Blanket* was threatened with a libel suit and temporarily withdrawn. Most of the time "life at home was hell, black with guilt or load with hysteria, and the cats were dying of feline catarrhis". In Malaya, Lynne took an overdose, leaving a note saying "I can't take it any more." Burgess administered an emetic and brought her round. In Brunei he couldn't take it any more, either, lay down on the floor of his bedroom one day and closed his eyes. "Let other agencies take over."

The other agencies sent him back home for exhaustive medical investigation (hilariously exploited in *The Doctor is Sick*). He was diagnosed as having a brain tumour and given a year to live. In a rented flat in Hove he set down to write as much as he could for the support of his putative widow, little knowing that he would outlive her. Thus ends Part One of the confessions of Anthony Burgess.

If we did not know that the diagnosis was mistaken, and that Anthony Burgess lived on to become a prolific and distinguished writer with thirty novels and nearly as many non-fiction books to his credit, this narrative, for all its wit and racy anecdote, would be somewhat depressing, for the life it describes is largely one of failure, frustration and discontent, from which only booze, sex and music offered moments of escape. Since we do know, we can only salute the mysterious process by which negative experience can be turned to positive account in artistic creation – and look forward eagerly to the sequel. When complete, this work should be one of the most important literary autobiographies of our time.

## Out of the ditch

Anna Grimshaw

BUCHI EMECHETA  
Head Above Water  
243pp. Ogunigwu Afu, 7 Briston Grove,  
London N8. £12.50 (paperback, Fontana,  
£3.50).  
0006541356

With great exuberance, I showed my "brainchild" to my husband. He at first did not want to read the manuscript, because, he said, "You don't know much, so how can you write a story?" Nonetheless I pleaded with him to read it. He did so secretly and his reaction was to burn it. He was still burning the last pages when I came into the room from Queen's Crescent where I had been shopping.

This traumatic episode, recounted by Buchi Emecheta in her autobiography, *Head Above Water*, was a turning-point in her life. It put an end to her domestic dreams of marriage and motherhood and marked the beginning of her struggle to establish herself as a writer. *Head Above Water* charts this course.

The book deals primarily with Emecheta's twenty-year stay in England, but opens with a brief description of her Nigerian childhood and youth. She was already distanced from village life and exposed to the "New Thing" in the city where the mixture of European and indigenous traditions often produced bizarre results. For example, she grew up in the shadow of Lofu of Burma, widely feared owing to his proclivity for kidnapping her husbands: it was not until much later that she learned about the wartime activities of Lord (Louis) Mountbatten of Burma.

In 1962 Emecheta joined her husband in England; but unfortunately he was a ne'er-do-well and she was forced to leave him and assume sole responsibility for providing for their five children. Despite poverty, she managed to raise her family as well as acquire an education. She never became part of the "immigrant" work-force, securing instead a series of library posts and studying part-time for a sociology degree.

Breakthrough and recognition of her writing came with the publication of articles in the *New Statesman* about life at Pussy Cat Mansions – a dilapidated London council estate, housing "problem" families – and these articles were later collected into a volume entitled *In the Ditch*. Emecheta wrote about her own social reality; about what she knew and what she had experienced. This perspective gave her novels a striking honesty and directness. She followed this literary success with a string of thinly disguised pieces of autobiography: *Second-Class Citizen*, *The Bride Price* and *The Slave Girl*. But *Head Above Water* may have been the most redundant by the novels. It is curiously empty and lacks the detail and sensitivity of Emecheta's earlier work. In it there are many indications that in her eagerness to get on, she has cut herself off from the milieu which so stimulated and developed her creative talent. This is particularly evident in the only section of the book which compels interest: Emecheta's encounter with black youth in the Harrow Road area. She had managed to live in London for ten years without being aware of black settlement (African, Asian and West Indian) or the growth of a political movement. Her description in *Head Above Water* of The Seventies youth club and the Dashiki self-help project, where she worked for a period, is a damning indictment of black middle-class attempts to control rebellious black adolescents. Her writing on black youth fails to convey the camaraderie between the women of Pussy Cat Mansions which permeated *In the Ditch*. Her perspective has changed: she is no longer part of a community, but appointed to be a charge of it. Her position parallels that of Carol, the social worker at Pussy Cat, who behaved with an uncertain mixture of sympathy, patronizingness and control. Emecheta, however, does not make the connection.

*Head Above Water* documents Buchi Emecheta's struggle to escape the marginality of being black, female and poor in Britain. Unfortunately, she has written much more interestingly about this in her novels. She has certainly strived, but this book suggests that her success may have been achieved at the cost of losing her creative sources. It is not clear in which direction her literary talents can now develop, but readers should return to her novels to savour the richness of her past.



## Sanity and craft

Philip Oakes

PAUL SCOTT  
My Appointment with the Muse: Essays,  
1961-75  
Edited with an Introduction by Shelley C. Rees  
175pp. Heinemann. £14.95.  
0 34 62600 7  
T. R. FYVEL  
And There My Trouble Began: Uncollected  
writings 1945-1985  
240pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £15.  
0 297 78982 1

Paul Scott did not become a professional novelist until he had turned forty, and this collection of essays in which he discusses his craft is suffused with a kind of glee that, after years spent as an accountant, a wartime soldier and an author's agent, he made himself into a successful author. The delight is tempered with incredulity, as though even with the Booker Prize under his belt (awarded in 1977 for *Staying On*) he could scarcely believe that he had pulled it off.

Scott was the best kind of middle-brow writer – humane, perceptive and open to doubt. The four novels which make up *The Raj Quartet* (which gave him his greatest, though posthumous success as the television series, *The Jewel in the Crown*) are almost an anatomy of the British conscience in India. Scott built his books as sturdily as those railway engines which trundled for more than half a century across the sub-continent he first visited during the war. Neither they nor Scott ever seemed to run out of steam.

Nor, apparently, did he as a speaker. All the pieces contained in *My Appointment with the Muse* were delivered originally as lectures – three for a writer's summer school, one for a group of Indian, one for a National Book League lunch. And they were given more than once. It

is evident that Scott enjoyed enunciating principles and laying down the law. What he has to say is invariably sensible and rarely snug. It is also highly practical as regards working methods. He followed a regular routine:

By and large you can say that I work from nine o'clock until one o'clock; have lunch between one and two; between two and four have some fresh air, either by walking or gardening; have tea; and return for my evening alk of perhaps two and a half hours between 5 and 7.30.

In this way Scott produced four novels in seven years, amounting to half a million words. In all, he wrote fourteen books, all of them powered by what he describes as "a single, rather cold blue flame" which he kept alight through good times and bad. He had great stamina. He says little about inspiration, but more interestingly, perhaps – he talks of his reliance on images to get the novel off the ground. "The situation... must be made to rise out of the image."

Scott never wrote his autobiography. Nor, sadly, did T. R. Fyvel – broadcaster, publisher and for more than a decade until his death last year, literary editor of *The Jewish Chronicle*. *And There My Trouble Began* is an assembly of his uncollected writings over four decades. While much of it is aphorism (why reprint a 1955 review of an indifferent book by Mr and Mrs J. B. Priestley?) it includes a fine profile of Orde Wingate, Britain's most controversial general, killed in an air crash at the age of forty-one, and a prophetic study of post-war new towns in which Fyvel consigns their collective fate to the Borough Engineer (the common man we can trust) rather than to the theoreticians he so despises.

Tosco Fyvel was a genial, original and fiercely independent commentator on life and letters. In an Afterword to the collection, Peregine Worthington recalls "the sanity and decency, not to say wisdom, in everything he wrote and broadcast."

## On and off the beat

P. D. James

HARRY DALEY  
This Small Cloud: A personal memoir  
With an introduction by P. N. Furbank  
240pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £12.95.  
0 297 78999 6

For twenty-five years from March 1925 Harry Daley was a London beat policeman and in this personal memoir he describes with honesty and without artifice the realities of his job. His career, recounted with a wealth of anecdotes, was neither glamorous nor dangerous: he made no spectacular arrests, rose to no higher rank than that of sergeant, and came no closer to murdering than to make a cup of tea for the notorious philanthropist and burning-car murderer, Alfred Arthur Rouse, when he was arrested and brought in to Hammersmith police station. Yet Daley was part of a dying but not ignoble tradition which saw the beat policeman both as the agent of law enforcement and as a generally benign authority figure to whom the guilty as well as the distressed and innocent could look for practical help and whose appearance was greeted more often with relief than with apprehension.

Last night's drunk popped in to see if we had his hat: women pushing kids in prams with squeaky wheels would rack a hopeful eye at the copper on the door and pay to have them oiled; costers popped in to complain of being moved on with their burrows, and women to complain of their neighbours; old ladies, feeling faint popped in for a glass of water and a sit down; and dotty people in great numbers popped in to remind their endless rigmorles, knowing that they would be heard with sympathetic kindness.

Some policemen, of course, were sadists; some, and not always the most junior officers, were more than "mildly and cosily corrupt"; some were racist and others politically biased. But on the whole they respected the people they served and were respected by them, and as Clive Emsley points out in his afterword to



Two photographs reproduced from the book reviewed here. On the left, Daley's own picture of two of his friends soon after he had arrested them – "As a goner I often had to lock up my friends and acquaintances – not so upsetting as it sounds. They were from families where such things are no disgrace, and had usually committed trivial offences, with the prospect of early bail and a small fine." On the right, Daley with a young friend at a swimming pool.

*This Small Cloud*, the picture Daley paints is closer to the avuncular decencies of Dixon of Dock Green than it is at present fashionable to believe.

But Daley was an unusual policeman. He was homosexual – the small cloud of the title – and early decided "to make friends openly with the people to whom I was attracted irrespective of job, class or criminal record – and bugger the consequences". The expulsive is presumably intentional. It was a policy which, given the intolerant age and his job, amounted to reckless. Among those friends were E. M. Forster, J. R. Ackerley and others of the Bloomsbury scene, and their effect on Daley's intellectual and social life must have been profound. In his introduction, Forster's biographer



Two photographs reproduced from the book reviewed here. On the left, Daley's own picture of two of his friends soon after he had arrested them – "As a goner I often had to lock up my friends and acquaintances – not so upsetting as it sounds. They were from families where such things are no disgrace, and had usually committed trivial offences, with the prospect of early bail and a small fine." On the right, Daley with a young friend at a swimming pool.

P. N. Furbank explains that Daley's memoirs were begun as an act of contrition or self-rehabilitation, and this contrition for failures real or imaginary seems to have manifested itself in a tactful reticence. It is inevitably disappointing that either through loyalty or discretion he is reserved about this surely important aspect of his life. Only once does a spark of resentment flare:

Social life in the late twenties and early thirties was gay and all-embracing: everybody gave parties and I was invited with the rest. Many people were kind to me when there was no carly reason why they should be; some got fond of me and one or two even fell in love – though "love" seems hardly the right word to describe the split and back-biting that it all involved... all that was asked was that I should give up all my former friends, acquaintances, hobbies and

interests, and sit waiting at home until my lovers found time to call – and on no account tell anyone I knew them.

The words could be those of a Victorian mistress.

But perhaps the most interesting part of these memoirs, and the most vividly written, describes Daley's Lowestoft childhood from 1901 to 1916. He was the son of a deep-sea fisherman and a capable and loving ex-parlour-maid who provided a secure and happy home for her mostly absent husband and for five children on an average weekly wage of twenty-five shillings. The mingled delights, wonders and terrors of these early years are beautifully described:

Naturally the event of the week was my father's return from sea. This could happen at any time. The best thing was to wake in the night and hear a deep, rumbling voice downstairs; scuttle down in your nightshirt to be made a fuss of, kissed by a warm, hissing face smelling deliciously of tan, and pipe tobacco; given tea (neat with brandy or rum and bunched back to bed on promise of seeing him again in the morning).

This precarious security came to an end in 1911, when Daley's ship was lost during the great September storm. So many British seamen were lost during the devastating gale that a national collection, the Prince of Wales Fund, was started for the dependants. The charity's answer to Mrs Daley's problems was to suggest that she be trained as a midwife while her children would go into an orphanage, a suggestion she proudly and indignantly rejected. It is for Daley's short but vivid and loving evocation of that long-dend, nuttural, rumbustious and supportive Lowestoft community, as well as for his account of how one man saw the job of beat policing in the second quarter of the twentieth century, that these memoirs will be valued.

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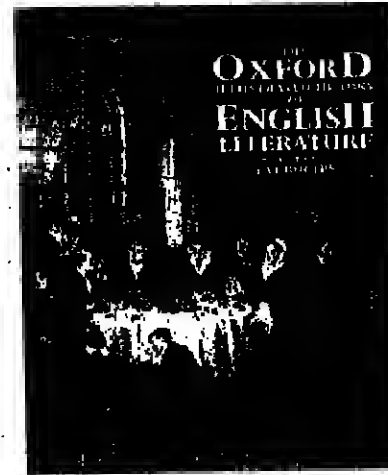
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## Rough-country magic

Jean Hanff Korelitz

LOUISE ERDRICH  
The Beet Queen  
338pp. Hamish Hamilton. £10.95.  
0241 02046

In 1932, the only lifeline to Argus, North Dakota, is the railroad. Along its tracks, "everything that made the town arrived. All that diminished the town departed by that route, too." On one particular spring morning, "both an addition and a subtraction" jump from a boxcar and change the history of Argus. Karl and Mary Adare are newly orphaned in bizarre circumstances (their father smothered in a pile of grain; their mother vanished into the clouds with The Great Omar, a stunt pilot; their baby brother taken away in the arms of a stranger). Karl stays in Argus for several minutes before being chased back on to the train by an offended dog. Mary remains for the rest of her life.

*The Beet Queen* is Louise Erdrich's second novel and displays much of the same power and luminosity as her first, *Love Medicine*. Indeed, the two narratives overlap slightly as certain characters familiar from the earlier book wander in and out of the story: the enigmatic Kash-paws on the Chippewa reservation to the north, and the adolescent Dot who, in *Love Medicine*, had already reached a resigned and resilient maturity.

Erdrich's Yoknapatawpha is rough country, and no one escapes entirely unscathed from the harshness of its landscape and the constraints and suspicions of the community. To Mary Adare, however, Argus is kind. She takes refuge with relations, Fritzie and Pete Kozkn, and forms uneasy alliances with her cousin Sita and Sita's friend, the half-Chippewa Celestine. Mary herself seems an ordinary child, munde-

resolute in her loneliness. "I acquired a brain of ice", she reflects after her single outburst of grief. Not long afterward, however, she causes a miracle; she slips on ice, and her smashed face imprints the face of Christ in blood on the snow. "Girls have been canonized for less", remarks an onlooker, and, indeed, Mary and her miracle achieve a brief, atoning fame. But even as townspeople touch her, "holding their fingers out as if [her] body was filled with divine electricity", Mary knows better. She knows, in fact, the real identity of the face she has left in the snow: it belongs to her brother Karl.

For Karl is never entirely out of sight. Chased out of Argus within an hour of his arrival, he surfaces at critical points in the lives of those who might have been his neighbours, unsettling and even tormenting them, seducing men and women, eventually leaving his lasting imprint on the town in the form of Dot, his daughter with Celestine. To all about him, Karl is Ariel or poltergeist; in his own eyes he is simply the devil.

As with *Love Medicine*, the great excitement of *The Beet Queen* derives from the shimmering fabric of its prose. Erdrich's language has a bizarre but always perfect pitch, capable of conveying profound and complicated emotions, startling in their purity.

In her eyes I see the force of her love. It is bulky and hard to carry, like a package that keeps untying. It is like this dress that no excuse accounts for. It is embarrassing.

Her characters may view their surroundings as somewhat fragile - "small, a simple crosshatch of lines on the earth, nothing that an ice age or perhaps even another harsh flood could not erase" - but those surroundings also harbour a powerful magic that Erdrich is extremely adept at drawing out. With luck, when that ice age does come, someone will have stored her novels in a safe place.

## A civilized affair

Lindsay Duguid

LAURIE COLVIN  
Another Marvelous Thing  
130pp. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95.  
0241 120667

Clever, cold financiers who "have everything" often seek to add an extra individual to their personal possessions, "taking" a lover as a desirable adjunct to wife, kids, town house, etc. Thus it is with Frank, a New York investment banker, who narrates the opening section of *Another Marvelous Thing*, providing an economical description of "my mistress", Billy - her cleverness, sloppiness, grumpiness and her refusal to be taken over by the elegant "lifestyle" of Frank and his precise, sophisticated wife. Billy's genuineness, her genius husband Grey, her wicker crabs, her lack of sentimentality and her readiness to hurt herself on her lover are prized by Frank very much as his first editions, Persian carpets, yellow French china and American quilts are prized.

The novel's seven sections trace the course of Frank and Billy's affair, from their first encounter at the party given by the *Journal of American Thought* for its contributors (which they both are), through the embraces on the couch in Billy's study, a brief stay in a rented Vermont cottage, break-ups, and a final parting, to the sad coda, "A Couple of Old Flames", which describes their chance meeting at the autumn cocktail party of the *American Economic Review*. The emphasis is on the ex-

ternals of the affair: what they eat, wear, read and watch on television.

The necessary fragmentations of adultery are given a very filmic treatment as the pair are pictured throughout the changing seasons, most often in a series of exterior shots: Frank arriving soaked at Billy's door, Billy glimpsed in the street, struggling with the laundry or coming home from giving an Economics lecture; there are conversations in restaurants, cars and parks to which rain, sleet and snow add dramatic effect. The short paragraphs of dialogue often end on a hard-boiled rejoinder from Billy, a good curtain line.

"It's so rare to see you smile", he said with a catch in his voice. "Each time I see it, I always think I ought to have a picture of it."

"Smart idea," said Billy. "You could make it into postcards and send it to your friends at Christmas."

Despite the apparent superficiality of the treatment, the book's concerns are not solely descriptive. As the affair progresses, nature is increasingly used to suggest the good and the pure, something irrevocably lost and missed; Billy and her husband's birdwatching hobbies, a flashback to time spent in the Cotswolds, the country wedding of Billy's best friend, even the Manhattan parks which Frank and Billy frequent. All these are part of a world to which Billy at least wishes to return. There is even a hint of moral fable, a suggestion of come-uppance underpinning the novel's longest section, "Another Marvelous Thing", which describes in telling detail Billy's sufferings in hospital where she is admitted, after the affair is over, for the birth of her and Grey's first child.

## Weeping among the dildos

Peter Kemp

DAVID LEAVITT  
The Lost Language of Cranes  
319pp. Viking. £10.95.  
0670 812900

The closet door creaks open once again in David Leavitt's novel, *The Lost Language of Cranes*. Where the short stories collected in his first book, *Family Daunting*, glanced at instances of domestic mayhem caused by homosexual revelations, he now surveys at greater length the way a family atmosphere can get overcast when the son comes out.

Other motifs observable in the stories recur here too - interest in underarm hair, erotic pettings with dogs (as a youth, the book's hero has liked to French kiss his poodle). Especially prominent is the distraught mother. A type that turns up constantly in Leavitt's fiction, she appears here as Rose Benjamin, a matronly New Yorker desperately worried since the flat she and her husband have contentedly rented for years is to be sold off at a price they can't afford. Also troubled by her son Philip's recently avowed gayness, Rose is somewhat belatedly starting to fret too about her husband Owen's long-established habit of sloping off secretly every Sunday afternoon.

Following Owen down Third Avenue on one of these sabbatical jaunts from married life, the book reveals that he frequents a gay pornographic cinema for nervous, surreptitious sex. Galvanized by his son's boldness, though, he now edges towards openness about his own homosexuality. Rose reacts laceratingly. And, as the novel ends, Owen leaves the doomed flat to take refuge with Philip.

Not that Philip's own progress - representing contemporary emancipation as opposed to his father's old-fashioned repression - has been

without its problems. When first seen, he's ecstatically in love with glumorous, sensual Eliot, a foot-loose hollencian who soon straps abroad, abandoning him. Devastated, Philip gradually recovers, then discovers that his true love - "Brad Robinson who had been his friend in the Gay and Lesbian Campus Coalition" - is patiently waiting for him.

Around these rather diagrammatic tales, Leavitt amasses documentary details of New York's gay milieu - from the handsome brownstone of an affluent established couple to the anonymous world of parks, "back rooms" and porno parlours. Lesbian life is illustrated by episodes concerning Eliot's black flatmate Jerene. Rejected by her parents on coming out, she is at first immersed in writing a dissertation on "The Phenomenon of Invented Languages". And there's a strained attempt to use this to give the novel itself a thesis about what happens when people are pressured to surrender their private sexual identity and conform to a public code.

Philip's job entails writing, too. He's a publisher's editor and reviser of romantic novelettes - an unwise occupation for Leavitt to have bestowed on him, since this novel itself often quivers with sentimentality: "he felt his heart beat inside his chest. And it was as if some sweet ambrosial liquid were pouring from that broken vessel". "Spring had come late, and the ring of ice around Philip's heart finally cracked." Philip's story - let-down by a fickle heart-breaker followed by the finding of happiness with a boy-next-door type - is most romantic cliché. Tear-jerking pervades the book's gay scenes. Philip sobs in Eliot's arms "until a little wet spot had gathered on the sweater, over Eliot's heart" and weeps among the dildos of a porn shop whose surprisingly lachrymose clientele can also be heard having a good cry in the blue video booths. Owen, spectacularly woeful, sheds tears everywhere: in the shower, in the chair, in bed, into the telephone receiver as he talks to "Macho Man", a gay service offering arousingly husky conversation.

The book is sloppy in another way too - one highlighted, this time, by Rose's profession. She is a copy editor who "put sentences in order, mending split infinitives and snipping off dangling participles, smoothing away her knots and bumps until the prose before her took on a sheen, like perfect caramel". With a abrupt swerve from sewing to culinary metaphor that passage itself might have benefited from the attentions of a copy editor. Certainly, the novel as a whole would. Repeatedly a demon of punctuation on soliloquies, Rose would surely never have let pass "soothing and weeping", "they had once rented a car and drove all the way to Jersey", "inside . . . was exposed brick and mirror walls", not to mention an opening paragraph, set "on a rainy Sunday afternoon", in which someone asks himself what he's doing out "on a cold Sunday morning".

"If you were like the other mothers on the maternity floor and probably had never had an illicit love affair, you would not be punished by lying in the hospital in the first place. You would go into labor like anyone else." This small example of maternal derangement is set into the account of Billy's isolation from nature. Her state of mind, the drugs, tests, Caesarian birth and baby in the incubator are reported with a movingly detached precision as the complicated acquisition of a new life.

The extra emotional depth of this section lifts the novel far above what comes before. However smart Laurie Colvin's writing may be, however accurate her assessment of a civilized affair (sections of the novel originally appeared in *Playboy*, *Cosmopolitan*, *New Woman* and the *New Yorker*), she also manages a powerful subtext of emotion: jealousy, regret and plain, old-fashioned fear.

## An eye on developments

Patricia Craig

SYLVIA MURPHY  
The Life and Times of Barley Beach  
175pp. Gollancz. £9.95.  
0575 039221

Sylvia Murphy devised an eccentric framework for her first novel, *The Complete Knowledge of Sally Fry*, in which the events of the heroine's life were listed under the letters of the alphabet from A to M. *Barley Beach* is more conventionally constructed, though no less zealous; it contains episodes from the past and the present, distinguished by being written in the corresponding tense. In the past - the 1960s - a young divorced woman, Jenny Sharpe, and her five-year-old son, Thomas, establish themselves at a south coast fishing village called Barley. It isn't long before Barley finds itself attached to the neighbouring town of Innsmouth, and as we come up to the present, Barley's existence is placed in jeopardy by a drastic redevelopment project. Chief among the opponents of this project is a formidable travel writer named Mrs Baker. The last to

stay put among the cottage-owners of Barley Quay.

Back in the 1960s, Thomas develops an enthusiasm for boats and enjoys a free-and-easy summer among some hippies on a nearby island, while his mother starts and abandons an Open-University course, learns to do a spot of building work, and becomes the proprietor of an Innsmouth café. She is exposed to some extreme feminist ideas, about which the author takes a droll tone: one of her objectives is to show a more reasonable feminism in action. In the person of her heroine, some misalliances are embarked on, and a lot of mishaps take place on and in the sea, while the life of the fishing community is sketched in. We learn a good deal about the mechanics of selling.

Sylvia Murphy is both deft and good-humoured when it comes to documenting the behaviour of entrepreneurs, as well as noting the failures of integrity which contribute largely to her plot (bipolar enlightenment, for example, quickly gives way to expediency, as far as one prominent character is concerned). The backwards-and-forwards movement of the narrative doesn't cut out the element of surprise.

## Time on the palms of their hands

Gabriel Josipovici

AHARON APPELFELD  
To the Land of the Reeds  
Translated by Jeffrey M. Green  
148pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £9.95.  
0207 789724

Novels are written for many reasons; only a very few convey the impression that they are written because they have to be. But Aharon Appelfeld's are of this kind. Like the poems of Wallace Stevens they may sometimes be puzzling, sometimes obsessive, but they carry the authority of something which had to be done, which could not be avoided.

They are also difficult to write about because they catch the many flickering changes that occur between people and within people every minute of the day, but which, for obvious reasons, most novelists find it easier to ignore:

"You will forget me", she suddenly addressed him without warning.  
"What are you saying, Mother?"  
"You will have other interests, and you will forget me."

"You're my mother, and I won't forget you." The words left his mouth the way he would say them when he was a child.

"I'm very frightened, I too forgot my mother."  
"But we'll always be together."  
"Thank you. I'm very happy I brought you home. You'll feel good here. Pay no need to the bad things. It's a beautiful country, a broad one, and the cattails grow here like flowers. The light here is also precious. And without finishing she shut her eyes and fell asleep."

Too, the mother, is returning with her grown son Rudi to her parents' home. As a young woman she had married an Austrian, a non-Jew, against her parents' wishes, and gone with him to Vienna. Soon the marriage turned sour and after the boy's birth she lives on her own with him, still young and beautiful, still hoping for a great fulfilling love, always humiliated and disappointed. Then her latest lover, an old man, dies, and leaves her his fortune. In her abrupt, moody way, she decides it is time to go back home, and mother and son set out, first by train and then in a cart drawn by two horses which they buy on the way, for the Bukovinian town she had left so long before. One moment Toni is full of happiness, sure she has made the right decision, but the next she is full of doubts, sure that her parents will reject her, fearful that her son will leave her as she left her own mother, fearful too that he will turn out to be more gay than Jew. For his part the boy veers

between love for his beautiful mother, annoyance at her childishness and stupidity, and pity for her weakness and confusion of mind.

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# Clearing the white man's path

David Arnold

ALFRED W. CROSBY  
Ecological Imperialism: The biological expansion of Europe 900-1900  
368pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.  
0521 320097

On the Argentine pampas the cattle and horses introduced to the New World by the Spanish bred with the proglaciality proverbially reserved for rabbits. A governor of Buenos Aires in 1619 estimated that 80,000 cattle a year could be slaughtered for their hides without seriously reducing the vast herds that roamed wild. W. H. Hudson, recalling his childhood in mid-nineteenth-century Argentina, described walls of plantations and orchards built entirely of cows' skulls, hundreds of thousands of them, arranged as regularly as stones and stacked seven, eight, or nine deep. Wild and escaped horses were so abundant in the region of Buenos Aires that they were said from a distance to resemble a forest. Nor was this extraordinary success of "exotic organisms" confined to the New World or to horses and cattle. The Spanish conquerors who brought rabbits to the Canary Islands in the fifteenth century soon found that they had multiplied beyond number; the imported asses bred so freely that in 1591 1,500 of them were massacred to save the colonists' crops. In the Americas, as later in Australia and New Zealand, pigs ran wild and rats ran riot. Plants, too, once introduced to supplement the native flora or arriving uninvited as weeds, rapidly established biological empires of their own, at times outstripping the Europeans in the speed of their advancing colonization.

There were more sinister arrivals, too. Epidemics of smallpox, measles, whooping cough and venereal diseases raged through defenceless populations, bringing death and demoralization. Darwin could comment that "Wherever the European had trod, death seems to pursue the aboriginal"; but in parts of the Americas and Australasia the fatal impact of European disease often anticipated the white man's arrival, emptying lands once thickly populated.

Why, Alfred W. Crosby asks, was this European "portmanteau biota" — men, plants, animals, diseases — so extraordinarily, often so devastatingly, effective in regions far distant from Europe and possessing distinctive flora and fauna of their own? Climatically, the "Neo-Europes" of North and South America, Australia and New Zealand were broadly similar to Europe, but that is only part of the answer. In search of a more comprehensive explanation, Crosby reaches far back in geolo-

gical time to the point where the continents began to split off from the primordial land-mass of Pangaea and go their separate ecological ways. Eurasia, favoured by size, diversity, climate and its early colonization by man, developed a complex and vigorous ecology, with humans, their domesticated crops, animals, even diseases existing in mutual interdependence. The remoter regions of the globe had a narrower ecological spectrum. Man arrived late. Isolation limited the possibility of useful animal or plant additions. Some of the larger herbivores, Crosby suggests, may even have been hunted to extinction in these regions by early man. The Maori were stranded in New Zealand without the Polynesian pig. South America could boast no quadruped larger than a tapir, despairingly described as no larger than "a calf six months old, or a very small mule". In consequence, when the Europeans, the second wave of human invaders, arrived in the New World and Oceania, they found a vacant or vacated ecological niche which they hastened to fill like a half-empty hotel with their "extended family" of plants, animals and diseases. Crosby, who a decade and a half ago wrote of a "Columbian exchange" between the Old World and the New, now argues for a far less equitable transaction.

European success in the Neo-Europes of the temperate zones had its antithesis in frustration and failure in more extreme climates. The Norse, ploughing the dark waters of the far

North Atlantic, had too few ecological assets and too tenuous a grip successfully to colonize Vinland. The Crusaders, however lion-hearted, like Richard of England, were driven back from the Holy Land by malarial fevers as much as by Saracen arms: they could send down no roots in such inhospitable soil. In Africa, Central America and Asia the story was repeated. European crops withered. Europeans, rather than indigenes, fell prey to hostile pathogens and parasites. Not until nineteenth-century technology came to their aid could Europeans make much headway in the tropics.

Crosby argues his case with vigour, authority and panache, summoning up examples and illustrations that are often as startling in their character as in their implications. "Ecological imperialism" could not ask for a more lucid and stylish exponent. And yet, like all arguments that stray towards biological determinism, there comes a point where one cries out for the restitution, the reintegration of the human factor. To be fair, this is not altogether absent. But, while giving some account of the maritime knowledge and technology which enabled the mariners of the Columbian age to cross the oceans and of the avarice that inspired the Spanish conquest of the Canaries, Crosby makes his ecological argument appear almost self-contained and self-explanatory. Little space remains for human will, political desires, religious zeal and economic greed. Pigs and

honey-bees may have facilitated the conquest of the Neo-Europes, may indeed have prepared the way for the 50 million emigrants who left Europe between Waterloo and the Second World War, but they can have done little to initiate or sustain the forces of European expansionism.

Like other works which stress a more familiar technological theme — guns, ships, railways and medicines in the service of Western imperialism — Crosby's book says more about agency than impact. In many of the processes he describes human will was as critical as any unwitting ecological usurpation. Where, for example, epidemics failed to clear the white man's path, Europeans, as in Tasmania, might intervene directly to push indigenes to their extinction. Where tropical fevers and resistant ecologies made European settlement improbable, systems of slavery, plantation monocultures and peasant production could be devised to yield Europeans profit from the fruits of others' labour. It was not Europe's crops and creatures alone that were mobilized for the purpose. Potatoes and maize from the Americas, the cotton and cassava of the tropics, the tea and opium of Asia — all these had no native European's native ecology, but profit and utility dictated their incorporation into a global system of economic imperialism. Crosby provides a fascinating and provocative insight into part of the process: he falls disappointingly short of identifying the whole.

## Survival of the self-reliant

Roderick Stirrat

GERALD M. SIDER  
Culture and Class In Antislavery and History: A Newfoundland Illustration  
205pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.50.  
0521 254035

Europeans have exploited the maritime resources of Newfoundland since the fifteenth century. While the Portuguese, Basques and others fished the ocean-banks, the English concentrated on inshore fishing, and by the seventeenth century a well-organized seasonal fishery had been established, with crews from south-west England setting up temporary camps on the shores of Newfoundland during the summer months, and returning home in the autumn. Permanent settlement was discouraged both by the West Country merchants, who feared the growth of an independent settled fishing population, and by the British government, which viewed the rough seas of the north-western Atlantic as a "nursery for sea-

men", and settlement as a means of avoiding the naval press-gangs.

Yet by the end of the eighteenth century the migrant fishery was at an end and permanent communities took over inshore fishing. Settlement, however, did not mean independence for the fisherfolk. From being servants beholden to their masters for the season, they were now dependent on local merchants, to whom they were in debt and who paid them in goods, not money. A nineteenth-century agent's letter to his English firm lists those fishermen who will be supported through the winter and those who will "almost certainly perish". And even when payment in goods was superseded by payment in cash, the fishermen remained poor and at the mercy of the traders. Self-reliance was the major obsession. Excerpts from a fisherman's autobiography describing life in the 1930s and the lesson he learnt from not having the money to buy medicine for his son, conclude: "If a man is not self-sufficient, what help he will get from others will be damn small."

Not surprisingly, only a fragile polity de-

veloped; the small fishing settlements were isolated and there was a failure — even a refusal — to develop the other resources of the island. Newfoundland was granted "responsible government" in 1885 but in 1933 the House of Assembly chose to return to colonial rule, and in 1949 chose confederation with Canada rather than independence. Even then, class and misrule continued: Newfoundlanders as the poorest citizens of Canada while paying the highest percentage of their income in taxes.

Gerald Sider has compressed a complicated story into less than 200 pages and told it well. Clearly there are gaps, and at times it is difficult to remember whether one is in the eighteenth or the twentieth century. Through skilful use of documentary sources and interviews, Sider gives life to what might otherwise have been a monotonous tale of drudgery and exploitation. Clearly, however, he has wide ambitions than dealing just with the history of Newfoundland. The island is simply the "theatre" for his broader theoretical goal: the amalgamation of anthropology with history. Sider claims that the central concept of history is "probably" class, and in anthropology "certainly" culture. He aims to rethink both culture and class, particularly the former. In order to produce a set of concepts capable of dealing with historical processes. But when he shifts from description and narrative to self-conscious theorizing, his prose abruptly becomes opaque and his argument uncertain. Perhaps he needed another 200 pages to make the theory as interesting and accessible as the description in what remains a most striking piece of work.

*A History of Sicily* by M. F. Finley, D. Mack Smith and C. J. H. Duggan (264pp. Chatto and Windus, £14.95, 0 7011 3155 1) is an abridged, revised and updated version of the three-volume work which first appeared in 1968.

*Ancient Sicily: To the Arab conquest* by M. F. Finley, *Medieval Sicily: 800-1173* and *Modern Sicily: After 1173* by Denis Mack Smith. The TLS review (February 13, 1969) noted that "The monstrous is always to be found, lurking just behind the odd and picturesque in Sicily and Sicilian history — or, rather, they are inseparably intertwined." Christopher Duggan, who has abridged the original text to about two thirds, has also added a final chapter "covering the period from the concession of regional autonomy down to the present day". In which he gives particular emphasis to "the twin evils of alienation and the mafia" — the two most pressing problems facing the island. Duggan has also revised the bibliography, which, while not being comprehensive, aims "to provide indications to the general reader who wishes to explore specific aspects of Sicilian history".

## A land where no one laughs

Peter Carey

JOSÉ RAMOS-HORTA  
Fuma: The unfinished saga of East Timor  
230pp. Trenton, New Jersey: Red Sea Press.  
\$29.95, (paperback, \$9.95).  
0812415148

The Indonesian invasion of the former Portuguese territory of East Timor, and the subsequent guerrilla war which has engulfed the area since December 1975, has resulted in one of the greatest tragedies of modern times. Out of a total pre-invasion population of 688,000 (the figure is from an unofficial 1974 church census), at least a third have either been killed or forced to flee abroad. Many others have been rendered homeless or exiled to a miserable existence in "resettlement" camps where they are a prey to food shortages and disease. Forced birth-control programmes, torture of political suspects and reprisals against innocent civilians add to the daily colvory of the inhabitants. "East Timor", in the words of the American journalist, Rod Nordland, who recently visited the territory, "remains a land of hunger, oppression and misery . . . a land where no one laughs". Unlike in Cambodia, which captured world headlines in the aftermath of the Vietnamese invasion (an invasion which revealed the full horrors of the Khmer Rouge régime), the bloodletting in East Timor has been all but ignored. With a few honourable exceptions, nearly all the world's governments and international agencies have chosen to remain silent. Even the Vatican, which has direct responsibility for the overwhelmingly Catholic population of East Timor, has averted its eyes. Commercial and strategic ties with Indonesia, the giant of South-east Asia, a vast archipelago straddling the vital sea-lanes between the Pacific and Indian Oceans which, since 1965, has functioned as a major bastion against communism in the region, have been deemed too important to be sacrificed for the sake of a few hundred thousand "primitives".

East Timor, now officially incorporated by Jakarta as its twenty-seventh province, is apparently a dead issue. But can the lives of so many innocents be blotted out so easily? Is it even in Indonesia's long-term interests to have acted thus? These are just some of the questions José Ramos-Horta's book addresses itself to. The son of a Portuguese father and Timorese mother, Horta played an active part in the left-wing FRETILIN (*Frente Revolucionária de Timor-Leste Independente*) organization which became the dominant political party in the Portuguese colony during the brief period between the April 1974 officers' coup in Lisbon and the Indonesian invasion, when the East Timorese were being prepared for political independence. By December 1975, with the Portuguese administration withdrawn and its local political protagonists defeated, it was the *de facto* government of the territory.

One of the few FRETILIN leaders fluent in both Portuguese and English, he was given the task, before the Indonesian invasion, of liaising with the Portuguese authorities, and of attempting to win the support of both Canberra and Jakarta for a political settlement which could guarantee East Timorese independence at the same time as safeguarding international strategic interests in the region. Cut off in Australia at the time of the invasion, he went to New York, where he was instrumental in presenting the FRETILIN case at the United Nations, a task which he has continued to carry out with unflinching energy and dedication over the past decade.

The bulk of this short book describes Horta's activities at the UN and charts his candid-style progress through the murky shoals of international diplomacy, a tale told with humour and refreshing modesty. A few individuals of stature and integrity enliven the scene; a few governments — principled or self-interested enough to withstand Indonesian pressures — stand out. But for the most part, the picture is one of unrelieved gloom, of cynical wheeling and dealing, of votes bought and sold for political favours, of corrupt and indecent dealings.

Several works have appeared in recent years on the East Timor tragedy, of which perhaps the most important is that by the former Australian consul in Dili, James Duffin (reviewed

in the TLS, December 16, 1983). Horta's book does not, in fact, add much to these. In terms of broad political details his chapters are too short and too tenuously underpinned by reference to the available secondary sources (a lack of an index is also a major drawback). But this is more than offset by his first-hand knowledge of events before the Indonesian invasion, and of the individuals who emerged as the leaders of the major political parties. As the first work to have been published by an East Timorese participant, it is invaluable.

Perhaps the most important aspect of the book is Horta's description of the changing Indonesian attitudes towards the former Portuguese colony before and after the officers' coup in Lisbon. It is clear that Horta, as a thoughtful and educated young man growing up in the rather stifling atmosphere of late colonial East Timor, entertained hopes that Indonesian help might be forthcoming in any eventual showdown with the Portuguese authorities. After all, the Republic itself had been in the forefront of the anti-colonial struggle in the late 1940s and was in a good position to project itself as a potential liberator. Yet, although close contacts were apparently maintained between Horta and the Indonesian consul in Dili, these were not followed up by Jakarta. Indeed, both the Sukarno and the Suharto régimes, particularly the latter, appear to have found the continuation of the Portuguese presence in East Timor useful, and went on record at the UN and elsewhere on several occasions to deny that Indonesia had any legal claim to territories which had not formed part of the former Netherlands East Indies.

So a vital opportunity to influence events in the direction of a bloodless absorption of the territory into Indonesia in the event of a change of régime in Lisbon was lost. Worse, it meant that when Jakarta eventually had to justify its illegal occupation of the former Portuguese territory in July 1976 (the date when East Timor was officially "incorporated"), it was forced to fall back on the spurious claim that the incorporation was a response to "deeply-felt and long-standing" ties of "national brotherhood".

After the April 1974 Revolution and the formation of parties in East Timor, Horta travelled to Jakarta as the representative of the Association of Timorese Social Democrats (post-September 1974, FRETILIN) for meetings with various Indonesian politicians. Among these was the late Adam Malik, then Foreign Minister of the Republic. A man of decidedly radical sentiments, Malik gave Horta to understand that he sympathized wholeheartedly with the East Timorese desire for independence. On Horta's prompting, he presented the young Timorese with an official letter purporting to reflect Indonesian Government thinking at that time, the salient points of which were as follows:

The Government of Indonesia until now still adheres to the following principles:  
I. The independence of every country is the right of every nation with no exception for the people of Timor.  
II. The Government, as well as the people of Indonesia, have no intention to increase or expand their territory, or to occupy . . . territories other than what is stipulated in the [Indonesian] Constitution [of 1945, i.e. territories outside those administered by the former Netherlands East Indies].  
III. . . whoever will govern in Timor in the future after independence, can be assured that the Government of Indonesia will always strive to maintain good relations, friendship and cooperation for the benefit of both countries.

In the light of subsequent developments, Horta dismisses this letter as a piece of calculated deceit on the part of Malik, a figurehead of the civilian far from the centre of real power in the military-dominated Indonesian Government. I tend to doubt this interpretation. Malik was undoubtedly a double-crosser, but he was far too seasoned and astute a politician to have done something which would have set him at odds with his military masters. If there was an intent to deceive, it must have come from a higher source than Malik. Indeed, there might even have been a vague hope in Jakarta at this stage that East Timorese independence could have been accommodated, provided, as Horta intimates to Malik, the new government in Dili was prepared to seek a close relationship with Indonesia and co-operate in all areas, includ-



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ing foreign affairs and security. By September of the same year, however, when Suharto met the Australian Prime Minister, Gough Whitlam, in the resort town of Wonosobo in central Java, the talk was no longer of independence for East Timor. Incorporation was now the only option the Indonesian President was prepared to countenance, although he apparently gave Whitlam his word of honour that he would not resort to force to accomplish this aim and would respect Portuguese sovereignty as long as Lisbon was able to manage political affairs in the colony. A year later, with Indonesian commandos operating across the border from West Timor and elements of the navy shelling FRETILIN positions near the coast, even that promise looked increasingly empty. The full-scale invasion was only weeks away. What had gone wrong? Why the seeming volte-face in Jakarta's attitude?

The most important development in changing Indonesian attitudes towards East Timor in late 1974 was undoubtedly the rapid radicalization of FRETILIN, which began to come under the influence of young, Lisbon-returned students, many of them imbued with half-digested Marxist-Leninist ideas. Although Horta argues strongly that FRETILIN was always more Catholic-Socialist than Marxist in orientation (the Cope Verde/Guinea-Bissau revolutionary leader and philosopher, Amílcar Cabral, and the Brazilian educationalist, Fr Paulo Freire, were apparently more of an inspiration for the FRETILIN leadership than Marx, Lenin or Mao), it is hard to escape the conclusion that political developments in the colony during this period played into Indonesia's hands and made it easier for the staunchly anti-communist government in Jakarta to portray East Timor as a potential Cuba to its ill-informed partners in the Association of South-East Asian Nations (ASEAN) and its allies in the West.

Nevertheless, until August 1975, Jakarta appears to have hoped that East Timor's incorporation could be achieved by "political" rather than military means: namely, by actively supporting pro-Indonesian elements in the Portuguese colony and by discrediting groups calling for independence. This task largely fell on the shoulders of the late General Ali Murtopo, political "fixer" *par excellence* of the Suharto régime – a man of vast cunning and few scruples. Together with his Catholic Chinese advisers in Jakarta's Centre for Strategic and International Studies, the general launched a sustained destabilization campaign against East Timor, beaming propaganda about the FRETILIN "communist menace" and the left-wing elements in the Portuguese colonial administration from a military transmitter at Atambua just across the border in Indonesian West Timor. Contacts were also made with conservative local chiefs (*lurais*), some of whom co-operated with the Indonesian authorities to providing recruits for their cross-border training camps. These recruits, subsequently referred to by the Indonesians as "volunteers", helped Jakarta to disguise its post-August 1975 military infiltration and later full-scale invasion of East Timor as "ancillary" operations in support of "anti-FRETILIN" fighters already operating inside the colony. When five Western journalists (two Britons, two Australians and a New Zealander) got close enough to the fighting in October 1975 to call the Indonesian bluff, they were shot down in cold blood (another Australian was to die later at the hands of the Indonesians in Dili).

Jakarta's major problem all along was that the coo party in East Timor which advocated integration with Indonesia enjoyed negligible popular support. Even Murtopo realized that it was useless for his purposes and directed his attention instead towards breaking the short-lived alliance between FRETILIN and the other major East Timorese party, the conservative Timorese Democratic Union (UDT), led by ex-Timorese colonial officials and landowners. This advocated a much slower decolonization process than FRETILIN and the retention of close links with Lisbon after independence. Horta is no doubt right in his view that this alliance, which he apparently helped to bring about, offered the best hope for a peaceful political solution in East Timor. Whether it would have survived if Indonesia had adopted a less interventionist attitude, however, must be questionable given the huge

gap between the FRETILIN radicals and the UDT conservatives.

By May 1975, the combination of Indonesian pressure and internal rifts had accomplished the dissolution of the alliance. Three months later (mid-August 1975), UDT launched a coup against its former alliance partner in Dili, an action which precipitated a brief but bloody civil war between supporters of the two parties and forced the Portuguese colonial administration to withdraw to the offshore island of Atauro 23 kilometres north of Dili. Indonesia was the only Power which stood to gain by the chaos – the Portuguese withdrawal and the civil war seemed to provide Jakarta with the ideal opportunity to intervene (at the "invitation" of pro-Indonesian notables) in order to restore order. Horta is undoubtedly correct in his assumption that Murtopo had persuaded the UDT leaders to act. But, if this was Jakarta's calculation, then it badly misfired. Within three weeks, FRETILIN, now supported by Timorese soldiers of the ex-Portuguese garrison, had completely defeated their UDT adversaries (about 3,000 died in the fighting), forcing them across the border into Indonesian West Timor. A three-month FRETILIN interregnum then began, characterized by frantic diplomatic and political activity (the new government desperately sought to reopen talks with the Portuguese) and by preparations to defend the territory against a seemingly inevitable Indonesian invasion.

Jakarta, faced by the FRETILIN *fait accompli* and the clear failure of Murtopo's "political" strategy, gradually came to the conclusion that a full-scale invasion was the only option. That this was a gradual process seems to have been largely due to Suharto's fear that such an action would have serious international repercussions and might awaken old fears about Indonesian expansionism, dormant since the Sukarno period. In fact, he need not have worried. The United States, Indonesia's major foreign backer, was clearly in favour of intervention, fearing that if the FRETILIN régime was allowed to establish itself, its vital nuclear submarine routes through the Ombai Wetar straits (just off the north coast of East Timor) would be in jeopardy. Indeed, as Horta points out, American arms sales to Indonesia increased dramatically after the invasion and helped to turn the tide of battle in Jakarta's favour in the 1977-9 period. In particular, American-supplied Bell helicopters and OV-10 "Bronco" anti-insurgency aircraft were used with devastating effect to spray napalm, chemicals and crop-defoliants on FRETILIN positions in the Mt Motebian range (the last major Timorese stronghold at that time) where hundreds of civilians died. Survivors of this terrible battle later described it to Horta as being like a

scene from Dante's *Inferno*, with desperately wounded women pleading for help to alleviate their children's pain.

Since then, other Western governments (none of which has raised more than a token protest at Indonesia's action), have vied with each other to sell arms to Jakarta, arms which they know full well will be used in East Timor. The leader here is France, which has supplied the Indonesian air-force with attack helicopters, and its army with tanks and armoured cars. Canada, now one of the top five major Western investors in Indonesia, has also violated its own laws banning weapons exports to conflict areas by pretending that there is no fighting in East Timor. Britain, a relative newcomer to the Indonesian arms market, has likewise been increasing its sales there, and even Israel has not been blanching at selling sophisticated weaponry (much of it second-hand US) to the generals. In this fashion, the largest Islamic country in the world is given succour by the foremost enemy of its co-religionists in the Middle East – a fine example of the triumph of *Realpolitik* over principle.

Indonesia has also received strong diplomatic support from its ASEAN partners (Malaysia has been particularly staunch here), from most Arab bloc countries (where bitterness is still felt towards Portugal over its role in the Yom Kippur War, when it allowed the Americans to use the Azores airbase to resupply Israel), from India (which has used very similar tactics over Goa in December 1961) and from Japan, which, as always, has put its commercial interests in Indonesia (particularly the assurance of vital oil supplies) above all else. The Soviet Union and its allies have shown themselves reluctant to jeopardize their burgeoning relationship with Jakarta and soon split their votes in the UN. Indeed, of the great Powers, only China (never a friend of the "New Order" régime) has voted consistently against Indonesia. Australia, apart from a brief period in the immediate aftermath of the invasion, has done nothing to censure Indonesia. On the contrary, lured by the prospect of a share of the rich oil wealth of the Timor Gap area off the south coast of East Timor, it moved swiftly to accord *de facto* (1978) and *de jure* (1979) recognition to Indonesia's annexation. Horta's description of the craven toadying of a succession of Australian politicians to Jakarta, politicians who, in opposition, had spoken out bravely on the East Timor issue, makes depressing reading. It is a miserable way to have recompensed the East Timorese for their suffering on behalf of the Australians in the Second World War, when over 60,000 died. Such acts of cowardice and betrayal will not be forgotten.

Finally, Portugal must bear a heavy share of blame for the East Timor tragedy. As a

colonial Power, it was arrogant and negligent, doing little to develop the territory until the very last years of its rule. The colony was somehow always at the bottom of Lisbon's agenda and most of the immediate post-war leaders gave the impression that they would sorely like to be rid of the problem, even if it meant an Indonesian takeover. When Horta went through the Portuguese archives searching for memoranda on the colony, he could find not a single policy document written during the period between April 1974 and January 1975, when the decolonization process was in full swing. Despite the mounting danger from Indonesian, Lisbon pared its military forces in East Timor to the bone (by August 1975 there were only 200 Portuguese soldiers in the entire colony, a tenth of the pre-Revolution number), leaving the last Governor little option but to withdraw from Dili when civil war engulfed the territory. He stood aside at Atauro (the aptly named "Island of Gloom") when the Indonesian invasion took place there months later. It was a pitiful finale to more than four and a half centuries of Portuguese involvement in South-east Asia.

Caught between the savagery of the Indonesian army, the ineptitude of the colonial Power and the cynical indifference of most of the rest of the world, a whole people has been sacrificed. But Horta's book is subtitled "The unfinished saga of East Timor" ("Fim", the Tétum word of the title, refers to "war"), and, on reflection, one can see that his analysis is correct. Although little can be expected from the UN, which has quietly dropped East Timor from its agenda since the last General Assembly vote in 1982, the situation on the ground in the former Portuguese territory is far from stable. More than a decade after the Indonesian invasion, FRETILIN fighters (some intelligence reports say as many as 2,000) are still active, and military operations, combined with badly needed infrastructural development, are costing Jakarta upwards of 1 million US dollars a day, a heavy drain on an exchequer already depleted by the disastrous decline in oil revenue during the past year. With 10,000 regular troops stationed permanently in the territory, a number which has been tripled in the recent counter-insurgency/anti-population drives, the Indonesian army is quite likely stretched. If social disturbances should occur in inner Indonesia as a result of the economic recession, or intra-elite rivalry precipitate the bloody demise of the Suharto régime, East Timor could once again become a major headache for Jakarta. In such a situation, Indonesia might be forced to reassess its coercive policies in its eastern "Melanesian" fringe, policies which are unworthy of a people which fought so bravely for their own freedom from colonial oppression.

Wall down the middle of Berlin, rather than, say, on the eastern perimeter, and also the seemingly limp reaction to it on the part of the West.

At the end of his absorbing narrative, Gelb touches briefly on the Wall's paradoxical role in prompting Willi Brandt's *Ostpolitik* and thus making possible the present stability in Central Europe. Yet an equally remarkable aspect of this odious construction is its exposure of East German socialism's continuing failure – a quarter of a century after the border was closed – to gain the allegiance of the population. It is sometimes asserted that, given the freedom to visit the West, the vast majority of East Germans would look, satisfy their curiosity, and then return home to an environment which is familiar. That may be so, but there is little likelihood that the East German authorities, with their endemic insecurity, will venture to put that hypothesis to the test.

In *Death of the Rainbow Warrior* (254pp, Penguin, £3.95, 0 14 009738 4) Michael King sets out to reveal the events leading up to the sinking of the Greenpeace vessel in Auckland Harbour in July 1985. King, a New Zealand writer and journalist, claims in an introductory note that no other non-fiction work presents "such a detailed picture of events recently at work for a major Western intelligence agency".

## At the hands of the junta

Christopher Hitchens

RICHARD COTTELL  
*Blood on their Hands: The killing of Ann Chapman*  
229pp. Grafton, £12.95.  
0246 127368

In *Judgement on Delcher*, Eric Ambler remarks that if you really want to kill somebody you must also take care to assassinate his character. For the past fifteen years, the family of Ann Chapman have had to put up with a double horror – the knowledge of their daughter's violent death and the official finding that she was murdered while soliciting casual sex from a stranger. The fact that the "official finding" was made by the police and the courts of a particularly squalid dictatorship did not, in the eyes of more respectable authorities, discredit it. Richard Cottrell, an active young Member of the European Parliament, and Ann Chapman's father Edward, have between them cleared her name and, in doing so, they have also made a successful test of a little-used right – the right of a citizen to petition the European Parliament for redress against the civil authorities in a member state.

There are two interwoven stories in Cottrell's *Blood on their Hands*: one of them forensic and the other political. As in all such narratives, one has the worried friends and

relatives and the nagging bits of evidence that do not fit. Then there is the traditional framing of a convenient suspect – in this case a wretch named Nícololas Moundis with a history of sexual imbalance. The coroner changes his story, the witnesses clam up, the honest policeman is transferred to less onerous duties in another town. The remainder of the cast are on stage as well, typically consisting of one crusading lawyer and one fearless journalist. Finally, and in the face of appalling official inertia and complicity, the bereaved family wins at the cost of its health, its life-savings and its peace of mind. At this point the tale becomes political, because the investigation finds that Miss Chapman was not killed by Moundis, but by "agents acting illegally under the authority of the military regime".

In the autumn of 1971, the Greek junta was undergoing a crisis both internally and externally. Internally, the police had succeeded in crushing but not in eradicating dissent, and were nervous about a renewal of opposition. Externally, the Papadopoulos faction was trying to reconcile its subordination to President Nixon with its loud claims to be defending the cause of Hellenism in Cyprus. The reconciliation was enabled by a common interest, shared by Athens and Washington, in the destabilization of Archbishop Makarios. We do not know if Ann Chapman had stumbled across evidence of this collusion in her work for Radio London, but Cottrell argues persuasively that junta agents had reason to think that she

might have done.

The book does not make the connection explicit, but it does suggest to this reader that the forensic and the political cover-up may have been related. The British Embassy in Athens, for example, did as little as it possibly could to assist the Chapman family. For much of the time, it conceived its consular responsibility as that of protecting the foreign government rather than the British national. Perhaps there is no direct connection between this bureaucratic stonewalling and the generally indulgent view which the Foreign Office took of the junta itself. And certainly, the victimization of the Chapman family persisted after the collapse of the junta in 1974. (In 1975 Roy Hattersley wrote from the Foreign Office to Edward Chapman's Member of Parliament telling him to forget the whole thing.) Still, the studied callousness of British officialdom in the case is of a kind, to say the least, with the more overt brutality of the Colonels. And the British, too, had their reasons for disliking Makarios.

Cottrell is mistaken on some important political details. He is wrong about the murder of Grigoris Lambrakis in the famous Z affair, and he is adroit about the background of Nicos Sampson's coup in Nicosia in 1974. He also makes several avoidable errors in transliterating Greek names and titles. But he should be congratulated on working so assiduously in the Chapman's cause. And he is right, I think, to stress the centrality of the Cyprus question in the whole skein of junta intrigue.

## Affairs of statesman

Nigel Clive

YANNIS MANOLIKAKIS  
*Eleftherios Venizelos: His unknown life*  
594pp. Athens: Gnos Publications. Dr2500.

It is appropriate that this closely researched study of Eleftherios Venizelos, the most dynamic personality in his country's history in the first half of this century and the only Greek statesman of his time to acquire an international reputation, should have appeared on the fiftieth anniversary of his death in 1936. At the height of his power after the two Balkan wars in 1912-13, Venizelos was the dominant figure in south-eastern Europe. If the latter half of his political career did not match the brilliance of the earlier years (beginning in his native Crete, which was then still under Turkish administration), no other Greek politician during his lifetime could approach his record of national achievement. There have been a number of political studies of Venizelos by his contemporaries. As far back as 1915 John Murray published a translation of C. Koroflin's appreciation of Venizelos's life and work up to that date, and historians, including Winston Churchill, have described his role in bringing Greece into the First World War on the side of the Entente, and his subsequent success with the leaders of the victorious Allies in the negotiations culminating in the Treaty of Versailles. Thereafter, Venizelos's career is largely unknown outside his own country, except to specialists in modern Greek history.

In *Eleftherios Venizelos: His unknown life* Yannis Manollikakis has drawn on much of the published material to retell, often in great detail, the political side of Venizelos's life. But this was plainly not the author's main purpose. As the subtitle shows, Manollikakis has concentrated most of his original research on the private life and character of the man. In addition to collecting a remarkable album of contemporary prints and photographs, Manollikakis has recorded the memories of a great many of Venizelos's descendants, close friends and collaborators, as well as those of first-hand witnesses of his reactions to events.

Venizelos was born in 1864. His father was a small merchant and his mother was illiterate. Anxious to push him up a peg, his father sent him to study in Athens and died soon after, when Venizelos was only nineteen. In 1887, Venizelos began to practise as a lawyer in Crete and in the following year he married an Olyve, Maria, Katsopolou. She was no beauty, but she brought him a substantial and much-needed dowry. Maria died in 1894, eight

days after giving birth to a son, Sophokles, who himself became prime minister on three brief occasions between 1944 and 1951. Although deeply affected at the time by the death of his wife, Venizelos soon forgot her as he discovered how quickly other women could be conquered by his charm. He had a number of passing affairs, but two very different women, at different times and in quite different ways, were to play dominant roles in his life. His first, and most lasting, attraction was to a well-known Cretan beauty, Paraskavoula Vloum. She was married when they first met, shortly before the Cretan uprising of 1896-7 in which Venizelos played a prominent part. In 1906 her husband died, thereby removing a major complication in their relationship. This was also the year in which Venizelos quarrelled with Prince George, the High Commissioner, and set up his own rival government. It was a successful venture which led to his being summoned to Athens by the Military League when it clashed with the King. In 1910, Venizelos became prime minister.

There is a moving description of Venizelos in tears when he left Paraskavoula in Crete, after promising to marry her. In fact, this was a turning-point in his life; from then on, his career took priority. His sudden rise to fame introduced Venizelos to the world of high society, where receptions were given for him by smart hostesses like Louisa Riancourt, at which he met such celebrities as the dancer Isadora Duncan. On his first visit to London in 1912, he began an affair with Elena Skiliti, a London-born Greek already well established in society, who was to become the second dominant influence in his life. She was extremely rich, intellectual and cosmopolitan (in sharp contrast to Paraskavoula) and had for many years been greedily following his career. In her circle, which included Lady Crossfield, Venizelos was put in touch with Lloyd George, and Lady Crossfield helped him in his diplomatic manoeuvres during the Balkan wars. But when the Greek flag flew over Crete in 1913 and Venizelos returned in triumph, Paraskavoula was the first person he wished to see. Indeed, in early 1914 she came to Athens with a wedding dress, convinced that Venizelos would marry her. Only then did she realize, with remarkable understanding, the difference between the Cretan lawyer who had first proposed to her and the Greek prime minister who felt unable to marry her.

After Venizelos's formal break with King Constantine in 1916, which resulted in the National Schism, Elena Skiliti was particularly valuable to him in cultivating his political contacts in London and Paris, and from 1918 to 1920 she helped him to negotiate with the Allied Powers. But he only decided to marry her after his surprising defeat in the 1920 elections, when he realized that he could not carry on his political career without Elena's financial support. They married in 1921, but not before Venizelos had sent a trusted friend to explain to Paraskavoula why he "needed" to marry Elena. Although they often quarrelled, Elena had a genuine adoration for Venizelos. She stood by him when his judgment slipped in originally supporting the Anatolian venture, which culminated in the catastrophic defeat of the Greek army in 1922. Venizelos returned to power from 1928 to 1932, but he was a different man. His expertise in foreign affairs was undiminished, as was shown by his ability to mend fences with his Balkan neighbours, as well as to usher in a decade of good relations with Turkey. But he had no grasp of the economic issues which then dominated the international scene. In 1932, when Elena was in Paris, Venizelos took the opportunity to see Paraskavoula again and happily recall old times. After unwisely accepting the leadership of the muddled and failed republican coup in 1935, Venizelos was once again forced into exile in Paris, where he died in the following year. A Greek destroyer took his coffin from Brindisi back to his birthplace in Crete. Paraskavoula lived to the age of ninety-one. Shortly before her death in 1961 she told her niece that she had no regrets about the past and wished she could live her life over again; her comment was the best of tributes to Venizelos.

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## The great reproduction

H. R. Woudhuysen

At first glance it may seem a little immodest to call a micropublishing project *The Nineteenth Century*, as though the people, institutions, social, political, economic, religious, scientific and intellectual world of a whole century throughout the globe could be recreated on film. Yet when the size and scope of Chadwyck-Healey's venture become apparent, then the title (and the use of W.P. Frith's epitome of Victorian England in his painting "The Derby Day" on the publicity) do not seem so ridiculously ambitious. *The Nineteenth Century: Primary sources in English published on microfiche* will be one of the largest retrospective publishing projects ever undertaken, with the aim of making about a quarter of a million items available on microfiche to readers and libraries within the next thirty years. This will represent about a quarter of the million or so titles which are known to have been published in English, outside North America, between 1801 and 1900, and which are currently being surveyed in the related *Nineteenth Century Short Title Catalogue* project which is still in progress.

In collaboration with the British Library, Chadwyck-Healey have announced two concurrent publishing programmes under the general editorial directorship of Robin Alston. The first series will consist of a General Collection of texts covering mainstream subjects such as politics, economics, education, religion, history and philosophy, and also including less obvious, but still important, topics such as recreation (including John Frost's *Seafaring Swiftness*, 1816, and Robert Bland-Powell's *Pigsticking or Hoghuating*, 1889) and household management (subjects from gelatine to burns and scalds will be covered). In addition to this series there will be a group of Specialist Collections of which four have been announced: Linguistics; Publishing; the Book-trade and the Diffusion of Knowledge; Art and

Architecture; and Music. Specific editors will choose the texts for this series, but the General Collection will be under the editorship of a general board of advisers which has a strong bias towards historians. They will select texts for reproduction using British Museum (later British Library) shelf-lists, whose classification arrangement dates from 1843 and is in itself a monument of nineteenth-century intellectual organization. This rather ingenious method of selection will avoid the arbitrariness of alphabetical or chronological selection.

The most controversial exclusion from the project is undoubtedly literature: poetry, fiction and drama as well as children's literature will not be reproduced. Given the widespread availability of major literary texts the reasons for this are understandable, but there is the possibility that some minor literature will be included at a later stage of the project. The other sorts of material which will not be reproduced include Bibles, liturgical texts, parliamentary papers, scientific, medical, and legal textbooks, classical editions and reprints of eighteenth-century books. While works printed in the United States and Canada are not included, books published in the colonies, some of which are extremely rare, will be covered. All the texts reproduced will be catalogued according to detailed rules which allow the inclusion of a great deal of hitherto unrecorded bibliographical detail.

It might be said that with *The Nineteenth Century*, micropublishing has come of age. The project is about ten times the size of University Microfilms' reproductions of STC books (English books printed before 1640). The implications for conservation are also important, since much of the material which will be reproduced was printed on poor quality wood-pulp paper.

An office was set up in the Library in February 1986, filming began in June and the first delivery of fiches should take place next month. The cost of buying the first five years' production of the General Collection and two of the Specialist Collections with a single initial payment will be £45,000; the single Specialist Collection relating to publishing and the book-trade for the same period will be £5,400 for approximately 500 fiches.

## A T. S. Eliot plaque

Weather conditions in Bloomsbury on February 23, 1987, could not have been described as severe. It was indeed relatively mild in the afternoon, when Valerie Eliot unveiled a brown plaque at 24 Russell Square commemorating her husband's forty years (1925-1965) as publisher at that address: so that the little joke in the amably delivered introduction by Lord Flowers, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London (which owns and now occupies the building) — "a cold coming we had of it... just the worst time of year for such a ceremony" — fell rather awkwardly on the ear.

"Not English Heritage", someone near by hissed, just after Mrs Eliot had drawn the curtains aside, to reveal the London Borough of Camden plaque with its shapely lettering, set in a south-facing wall — indeed not Anglo-American, European, the world's heritage, rather, one thought; but it turned out the observation was about the colour of the plaque (which apparently would have been blue if it had).

In the speech she gave at the ceremony Mrs Eliot concentrated on Eliot's achievements as a publisher. He played an active part in all of Faber's activities. We learnt that he was "a gifted blurb writer". It is not to be supposed that, on the editorial side, he was concerned only with poetry; he read all sorts of manuscripts, and once, after reading an MS on the subject of motor cars, startled some friends with his precise knowledge of the internal combustion-engine and the engineering features of different makes of car.

The proceedings were rounded off with an hour's fine reading, in the Beveridge Hall of the University Senate House, by Jill Balcan and Gabriel Woolf of a selection from Eliot's poetry and drama, including "Prufrock", "Portrait of a Lady", a selection from *The Waste Land*, a scene from *The Cocktail Party*, and *Little Gidding*.

Adolf Wood

## The periodicals: Cyphers

Patricia Craig

*Cyphers*  
No 25; Summer 1986. £4 for three issues.  
3 Selskar Terrace, Ranelagh, Dublin 6

*Cyphers* is "an occasional publication on literature and the arts" which seems to manage an appearance roughly twice a year. About four-fifths of the magazine is given over to poetry, which leaves space for (on average) a couple of stories, two or three reviews, and a page or two of visual material (photographs or drawings). The intention of *Cyphers* isn't to break new ground, but to provide an outlet for some respectable verse and prose.

The four editors (all poets) are also occasional contributors; issues number 22 and 24, for example, contain some accomplished poems by Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin, and no 25 has a fine article by Pearse Hutchinson on the Gaelic poetry of Dáibhí Ó Bruadair (c 1623-98) — a proposal of Michael Hartnett's translation of it. This stands out among a group of not very distinguished article-reviews, along with a spirited brush against Tom Paulin's *Ireland and the English Crisis* (no 24), by Vivian Mercier. In other places, *Cyphers* criticism is apt to be a little plodding or unduly heartfelt.

### FIFTY YEARS ON

The TLS of February 20, 1937, carried the following letter from Edith Sitwell, responding to a discussion in the previous week's lead review (by Edmund Blunden) of the Australian critic R. G. Howarth's study of her poetic theory and practice:

Sir, — I was much interested by the essay on modern Australian criticism which appeared in your issue of February 20. May I, in no querulous spirit, but because I am interested, break a friendly lance with Mr Howarth, one of the critics in question, *apropos* of certain remarks he has made about my own criticism?

I have never — as he infers — suggested that poets should "pick vowels and consonants up and fit them into a palpable mosaic". That would, indeed, be an absurdity. I have, however, suggested — and I hold — that an acute sensitivity to sound and the relation between sound and meaning, and a genius for producing this relation in poetry — these gifts are a part, and a large part, of the poet's equipment.

Mr Howarth says that my "perception must be divination — water divining". It is, the simile is very apt. That is, again, part of the poet's equipment. And is Mr Howarth quite certain that I am talking nonsense when I hear and sense a connexion between sound and meaning that is not immediately apparent to him? He should re-read Wordsworth on the subject of the poet and the reader. What, at first sight, seems to the reader to be "private language", and "really offensive to the reader's intelligence and honest willingness to understand", will be public language tomorrow. When I published my "Eucletic Comedies" in 1923, there was a great outcry against me because I wrote

about the "creaking light" of dawn; the "braying light" of midday — about "thrill grass", etc. These phrases were used then for the first time; now they are, or phrases resembling them are, part of the language. I do not think that Mr Howarth can be sure that "no nobody but" myself "would the alliteration of quelled and quenched suggest moisture". "Qu" is placed in certain arrangements, do give a feeling of moisture, whether Mr Howarth likes it or not. And has he ever paid any thoughtful and observant attention to aspen? The leaves appear to an observer like myself (who is not a scientific observer, but who is accustomed to thinking about what she sees) to be always wet, owing to the continually changing light on the shivering leaves, which gives a glitter like that on water.

As for the quotation from Bottom, that is easily answered. The arrangement of the "qu's" is different, they have not the same neighbours in the line which he quotes, and the two lines immediately preceding it run thus:

O Fates, come, come,  
Cut thread and thrum.

Not a very dewy sound that, I think! Finally, why should Hopkins be forced to say that the leaves were dew-laden? Poems are not inventories. People will complain next that he did not say that the leaves were green — and pale green at that!

I write all this in the friendliest spirit. I enjoyed Mr Howarth's essay, as I enjoyed that of your reviewer, very greatly, appreciated them both, and am grateful.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

EDITH SITWELL.

### AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 318  
Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than March 20. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date.

Entries, marked "Author, Author 318" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on March 27.

1 Grasshoppers go in many a thrumming spring  
And now to stalks of matted four-grass cling.  
That shakes and sways awhile, but still keeps straight,  
While arching o'er its double with its weight.

2 That is the grasshopper's — he takes the lead  
In summer lullaby — he has never done.  
With his delight for when tired out with fun  
He lies at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

3 Because a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make  
The field ring with their happy chirping, that  
Thousands of great little creatures, beneath the  
shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and the

allent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field.

Competition No 313  
Winner: Alistair Elliot  
Answers:

1 "To show the bold dame daughters of her daughter,  
To make the child a man, the man a child,  
To lay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
To tame the unicorn and lion wild."

2 To cheer the ploughman with his cheerful cry,  
And waste huge stones with little water-drops  
Shakespeare, *The Rape of Lucrece*.

3 Oh would you know why Harry sleeps,  
And why his mourning Mother weeps,  
And why his weeping Mother mourns?  
He was unkid to unicorns.

"A. E. Housman, 'Inhuman Henry or Greedy Fabulous Animals'."

3 They noticed that virginity was needed,  
To trap the unicorn in every case,  
But not that, of those virgins who succeeded,  
A high percentage had an ugly face.  
W. H. Auden, "The Quack"

## Letters

### Animal Rights

Sir, — I must take issue with Stephen R. L. Clark's argument in your issue of February 20 where, reviewing two recent books on animals and their place in society, he draws a distinction between our (moral) relations with wild animals (wolves, wildebeest and chimpanzees) and our (moral) relations with pets (dogs, horses and cats) on the grounds that with the latter we have had a special historical relationship (there are "more stories about them and us").

Because he finds the keeping of pets and the training of horses palatable, Professor Clark argues that their historical role, as man's companions, is morally acceptable. This is a non sequitur. Pets (even sticking to the ones he has chosen to regard as such) have no more "consented" to their role in society than other animals have "consented" to being eaten: it has just happened that way. But just because pets were lucky enough to be given a "favoured" role, or have developed a special relationship with us, does not put them in a different category from other animals as objects of our moral concern. Slaves had a special relationship with their masters: it did not make their condition any more morally acceptable.

A truly moral perspective must entail treating all animals, whether they are our pets or not, as having rights. But saying that does not mean we do not recognize differences in our relations with different animals (after all, we distinguish our family from other animals without denying either moral rights) or that we should stop keeping our pets. It does mean that we should apply moral sense to considering the condition of all animals in our society and ensuring, as far as possible, that we behave as that sense dictates we should. There is nothing sentimental about that.

MALCOLM JACK,  
31 Whitehall Park, London N19.

### 'Conspiracy of Silence'

Sir, — In his letter on *Conspiracy of Silence* in your issue of February 13, Lord Gladwyn says he believes Ribbentrop refused to accept "the documents relating to D-Day [he means 'Overlord'] stolen by the spy 'Cicero' from our Ambassador to Turkey's red box". There were no documents on that topic in his red box.

I know many people have said so. Malcolm Muggeridge even said there was the whole plan and the Allied order of battle, which would not have left much room in the box for anything else. Those who believe this story must answer two questions: why did "Cicero", a boastful man, never claim to have obtained any information about "Overlord" (except, by a guess, the meaning of that code word) and, second, what possible explanation can they give for sending any information about "Overlord" to Ankara? For "Snatch" his bedtime reading? To pass on to the Turkish Government? Both suggestions are equally absurd.

Anyone who knows the ferocious security that surrounded "Overlord" will realize that the Top Secret documents in the box were what "Cicero" said they were and what anyone would expect the extracts from the Teheran Conference minutes which referred to Turkey.

DAVID HUNT.

Old Place, East Wing, Lindfield, Sussex.

### Road to Victory

Sir, — In reviewing (February 13) Martin Gilbert's excellent *Road to Victory: Winston Churchill 1941-1945*, Alistair Horne writes: "when, in 1942, the U-boats changed their decoding machines, and their traffic became 'unreadable', over the next six months sinkings soared to catastrophic levels."

The combination of the separate Triton cipher net for the Atlantic U-boats (which, surprisingly, recent research shows to have been in existence in December 1941, and probably earlier) and the introduction of the four-rotor Enigma cipher machine (M4) on February 1, 1942, did indeed lead to a "black-out", but it did not significantly affect sinkings before August 1942. From February 1 to July 31, 1942, over 90 per cent of the tonnage lost due to U-boat attacks was sunk in American coastal waters, where the U-boats did not operate. "Special Intelligence"

from M4 would have saved few of the ships and seamen so tragically lost, while convoy would have helped many to survive. Bletchley Park's inability to break M4 started to have devastating effects only when the U-boats recommenced their attacks on the Atlantic convoy routes from August 1942 on: blinded by the lack of M4 special intelligence until December 13, 1942, the Operational Intelligence Centre was unable to re-route the convoys safely past the U-boat packs.

Horne also suggests that Gilbert's book is the first time that Enigma intelligence "has been so directly linked to the action taken upon it". This is to take scant account of F. H. Hinsley's magnificent series *British Intelligence in the Second World War*, which relates countless painstakingly researched specific Enigma decrypts and Ultra signals to the relevant battles and incidents. Indeed, Gilbert seems almost invariably to rely on (and cite) Hinsley in his footnote references to such Enigma material.

RALPH ERSKINE,  
25 Hawthorn Road, Belfast.

### Captain Cumming's Disability

Sir, — It is human to err, Sherlock Holmes said, but I doubt if he would have forgiven my error in the *Affair of Captain Mansfield Cumming's* scooter. I had in mind not the usual two-wheel scooter but a four-wheel job, common in my youth (indeed I possessed one), propelled forward by a rowing motion, the legs tucked under. A wooden leg would have been peculiarly awkward if one were sitting on such a scooter, and I assumed its detachment.

Now Nicholas Hiley (Letters, February 13) tells us there was no scooter, not even a wooden leg. He sounds convincing, but so fine a legend will not be easily destroyed. Thirty years ago I lived in one among a set of villas facing Blackheath, and told a magazine interviewer that these villas had been built for Nelson's Captains on their retirement. The remark duly appeared, and I must have believed the story at the time, but a later reading of Pevsner told me that the villas had been built in the early 1840s, when most of Nelson's Captains were occupying coffins, not villas. Yet the legend lingers. A little while ago my son pointed out an estate agent's advertisement, offering "one of these delightful villas, built for Nelson's Captains on their retirement". And Captain Mansfield Cumming is probably condemned to ride his scooter for ever. Indeed, a couple of weeks ago I saw on the television programme *Timewatch* Dr Christopher Andrew, in the role of Cumming, scooting and scooting endlessly down those Whitehall corridors. The machine, I'm afraid, was a two-wheeler.

JULIAN SYMONS,  
Orton House, 330 Dover Road, Walmer, Deal, Kent.

### 'School for Wives'

Sir, — I enjoyed reading your reviewer's account of Mollere's *School for Wives* (Commentary, February 13) and his reference to a bold bit of rhyming: "brevity" and "gravity".

The rhyme has been — and most effectively — used before. See T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, Part 1, the speech of the First Tempter:

You see, my Lord, I do not wait upon ceremony:  
Hark I have come, forgetting all ceremony,  
Hoping that your present gravity  
Will find excuse for my humble levity  
Remembering all the good time past.

DONALD NICHOLSON,  
Convent of St Margaret of Scotland, 17 Spital, Aberdeen.

### Village Constables

Sir, — Keith Wrightson, in his review of Joan R. Ken's *The English Village Constable 1580-1642* (January 16), comes to the conclusion that Dogberry, Dull and Elbow were not typical village constables. No wonder, for Messina, the Court of Navarre and Vienna were hardly typical villages.

OLIVE BALDWIN,  
30 Vale Close, Pilgrims Hatch, Brentwood, Essex.

### English Literary MSS

Sir, — Nearly fifteen years ago (November 17, 1972), a letter appeared in your pages above our signatures, as trustees of the Strachey Trust, calling for the establishment of a register of the whereabouts of modern literary manuscripts. Despite the sceptical reception in some quarters, it struck a chord of sympathy in others.

As a result of our original plea, the *20th Century Location Register of English Literary Manuscripts and Letters* is nearing completion and will be published in two volumes by the British Library in 1988.

With the encouragement of the late Philip Larkin and the active help of several of the country's leading librarians, many bodies besides the Strachey Trust gave generous financial assistance to this project, which was carried out by a team at Reading University.

With the experience gained from this endeavour, and the enthusiasm engendered by a successful undertaking, the working group has now decided to attempt a second companion project to expand the dates of the register to include documents going back to the eighteenth century.

Funding is urgently needed and we should be very glad to receive offers of assistance from any of your readers. It is seldom that one is in a position to appeal for funds for a project whose merits are so obvious and whose success seems assured, if only the money were forthcoming.

MICHAEL HOLROYD,  
PAUL LEVY,  
Strachey Trust, 91 Winchester Street, London SW1.

### A Shakespeare Edition

Sir, — Under the sponsorship of the Modern Language Association of America, the New Variorum Shakespeare has recently published editions of *As You Like It* (1977) and *Measure for Measure* (1980). *Antony and Cleopatra* is near completion, and seventeen other editions are actively under way. Yet because of deaths and resignations, five editions are shorthanded or dormant. On most, substantial work has already been done. Enquiries from qualified persons interested in completing these will be welcomed by G. W. Williams, 52 Kidbrooke Grove, London SE3 0LG, or by me.

R. K. TURNER,  
Golds Met Library, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, PO Box 604, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201.

### 'East of Ipswich'

Sir, — One wonders why David Nokes, in his review of Michael Palin's *East of Ipswich* (Commentary, February 6), should think a sex-hungry adolescent would want to conceal his copy of *Nature* under his bed. Surely he would have flouted his subscription to that prestigious journal of international science. I saw and hugely enjoyed *East of Ipswich*. What young Richard Burrell was hiding was a copy of the *Nohurist*.

STEPHEN CORRIN,  
10 Russell Gardens, London NW11.

### Borrioboola Gha

Sir, — May I correct an error in Valentine Cunningham's review (February 13) of Ruth Dudley Edwards's *Victor Gollancz*? It was Mrs Jellyby, not Mrs Pardiggle, who was concerned about the welfare of Borrioboola Gha.

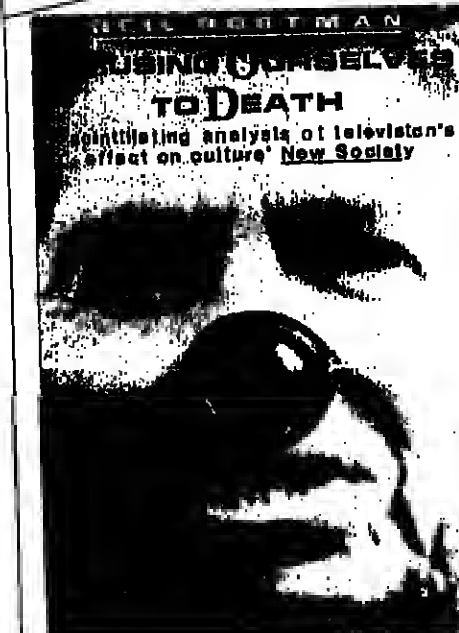
FABIENNE SMITH,  
55 Manor Place, Edinburgh.

Christopher Hitchens's "American Notes" about two legal cases involving literature (February 6) was so judicious that our telephone copytaker mistook a quotation from the judges as part of Hitchens's own summing-up. The paragraph beginning "The point is sharply, though unwittingly, made by defendant Hamilton..." should have been set in small type. We are sorry about the mistake.

The interview with Václav Havel published in the TLS of January 23 was arranged with the assistance of Palach Press, London, and the Documentation Centre for the Promotion of Independent Czechoslovak Literature, Schelfeld, West Germany.

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# COMMENTARY

## Horror-comic readings

Duncan Wu

**Gothic**  
 Various cinemas

Ken Russell's *Gothic* focuses on the obsessions and emotional entanglements of nine moments: June 16, 1816, when Lord Byron proposed the ghost story competition that inspired Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. The demon brooding over the sleeping woman in Fuseli's painting, "The Nightmare", is unleashed when the Shelleys, Byron, Polidori and Claire Clairmont mediate on their worst fears and bring them to life in imaginative form. The force of this evil spirit, we are told, will not only kill its creators, but survive in "Herman Munster, glow-in-the-dark, and whenever we go to sleep".

Julian Sands as Shelley falls through the floor of a ruined barn in a scene that prefigures his drowning; Polidori anticipates Byron's death by serving up a dinner of leeches, then anticipates his own by attempting to swallow acid. In a later scene, Claire Clairmont crawls naked through the Diodati cellars with a dead rat in her mouth as Shelley points out that she fears rats more than anything else.

## Domesticating a marvel

David Nokes

### The Belle of Amherst ITV

"Tell all the truth, but tell it slant", wrote Emily Dickinson. William Luce's one-woman film, *The Belle of Amherst*, first shown as part of the English Programme series for schools, takes a clear if predictable slant on the career of this remarkable poet. Set in 1883, three years before her death, it presents her reliving her life through imaginary meetings in empty rooms.

In a series of monologues, half-teasing, of  
 like and cry, wove together from the letter  
 and poems. Claren Bloom depicts a woman  
 wrestling with a repertoire of identities for pri  
 vate and public use. Sometimes she is gir  
 and exuberant: "I'm squire Edward Dick  
 son's half-cracked daughter. The neighbou  
 can't figure me out." Later, staring into a m  
 nor she is chilling and direct: "I'm nobod  
 Who are you?" The identities of her unsee  
 silent, imagined interlocutors are equally u

stable; father merges into lover, God mingling with friend until all blend into the single unifying gaze of the camera in a way which creates the characteristic ambiguities of the poems. The enigmatic eroticism of the poem "Wild Nights, Wild Nights" is associated in the words with the preacher Charles Wadsworth. But the slant of the camera directs our eyes to her father's stern portrait on the wall, underlining a Freudian interpretation which runs throughout the film.

His father, an austere and godly man, would read no poems but only pure and rigorous books, forbade any talk of Father Christmas, and such prowling gentlemen. Yet it is as much a benign prowler that she imagines lurking in her bedroom at night to be entertained by her poetry. "I'd rather undress myself than have my poems published," declares; but she also thrills with excitement at the anticipated visit of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, whose *Atlantic Monthly* might publish her work to the public gaze. Cl

...a wide-eyed mimicry of Higginson's  
...commentaries are full of Dickinson's wry in-  
...The delicate", she concedes, of poem  
...able mainly for their urgent intensity: "too  
...dy", she nods, as if innocent of the syntac-  
...precision at her verse. By such understan-  
...lonizes Luce's script conveys something of  
...self-effacing enigma of Dickinson's life  
...work. As the final caption reminds us, only  
...out in nearly 1,800 poems were published  
...in her lifetime.  
...However, the film perpetuates some

Holmes's biography, *Shelley: The Pursuit*—are described by the producers as part of "an opium dream, where only the laws of imagination hold sway". The truth is that Russell and his screenwriter, Stephen Volk, have rejected the known facts in favour of their own "reading" of the characters' lives.

This reading is flawed from the start: they see *Frankenstein* purely as a horror story, irrespective of its unique use of contemporary science. As they are aware, Byron and Shelley's discussions at Diodati about the electrical experiments of Erasmus Darwin provided the crucial, immediate impetus in what became the first science-fiction novel.

For the sake of a conceit it cannot sustain. *Gothic* instead points to the death of Mary Shelley's premature baby, over a year before she has her primary inspiration. Wandering the deserted corridors of the villa, Natasha Richardson as the novelist sees dead, blood-covered babies behind every corner: a misreading of both history and the novel.

Implausibilities teem throughout a film that is dramatically inert. Timothy Spall's fumbling Polidori goes inexplicably berserk with a pistol; Gabriel Byrne recites witticisms with a gravity lacking either Byron's famous humour or charm, while Myriam Cyr's Claire Clairmont has no distinguishing features beyond a desire to bed him.

marvel

of the reclusive belle of Amherst, half glimpsed through open doors as she wanders moonlight from room to room or moves from shadow into light. The white dress which she habitually wore, a cross between a bridal gown and shroud, is identified with her unrequited love for a married man in a way which over-simplifies her habits of personal symbolism. And the emphasis on some of her more familiar nature poems hardly acknowledges the peculiar power and originality of her writing. Yet this production which demonstrates some virtues of low-budget constraints. The sequence of simple studio interiors conveys the clear and consistent intensity of her imaginative work.

**Dealings with d**

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**April FitzLyon**

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**BEDRICH SMETANA**  
**The Devil's Wall**  
**Bloomsbury Theatre**

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That the British premiere of Smetana's opera, *Cerťová stěna*, first produced in Prague in 1882, should have been delayed until now first seems surprising. But the libretto, dealing with a Czech medieval legend about the king constructing a wall to prevent a monarch from being built, an unhappy nobleman's search of a bride, and a feud between the king and a not totally incorrupt Church, is so complicated and intractable that, despite the marvellously singable music, it has obviously discouraged producers. The first performance in Prague was coolly received; this was the final blow to Smetana at the end of his tragic life.

It was not really the librettist's fault. Kravchinská, who had already supplied Kravchinská, at first wanted to treat the legend seriously and allegorically; but the composer insisted on a comic text. By the time the librettist delivered the witty libretto to the composer, Smetana had changed his mind and became more interested in the principal character, Vok, and the underlying theme of good and evil. Although he composed the opera, he did not write the libretto, and he changed it so much that he altered the text, the conflict between the serious and comic elements in the opera was never satisfactorily resolved, and Smetana's own description of the work as "a serious and romantic opera" fails to convince, at any rate. This production by University College London is a masterpiece of comic opera. The director, Christopher Newell, bravely grasped the nettle by identifying

The film fails not just because of its grotesque, comic-book distortion of the facts, but because of its contempt for subject and audience. "What's it like to fuck your own sister?" Mary Shelley asks Byron, before she attempts to kill him. No effort is made to explain why, despite the English class system and the character's renowned prudery, she would have addressed him in this way, nor is her attempt on his life properly accounted for.

Films about real people seldom respect the truth, but invariably claim to depict it. *Gothic* goes one step further by dispensing with external reality altogether – as well as with characterization and plot. The result is sloppy, arrogant and self-indulgent, and in justifying the "opium dream" concept the film imposes on Shelley a banal and false explanation of his imaginative powers: he is portrayed as a laudably num addict.

Blinded, like Victor Frankenstein, with arrogance, the producers have made a film that will satisfy no one. Those acquainted with Shelley's novel or Holmes's biography will feel cheated—the known events of those rainy days at Diodati are far more interesting than the crooked reworking suggests. Even sensation-seekers will leave disappointed; though crammed with sex, drugs, dungeons and pot, the targets, *Gothic* is too joylessly high-minded to thrill.

Even the amateurish vishv of colours representing the Aurora Borealis has the appropriate effect of domesticating a marvel. Dickinson encountered God not in church but in elbow-chair, and the film presents her recreating the mysteries of the universe in the details of baking bread and sewing patchwork quilts. She is shown keeping her poems in a sombre oak chest much like a coffin, and the theme of death runs through the film, which closes predictably enough with "Because I could not stop for Death", Dickinson's companion in Death's carriage was Immortality and in its modest way, this simple film is a fitting tribute to their journey.

with the composer – there is some slight but  
rephical evidence to support this – and by try-  
ing the rest of the cast as pantomime figures  
figments of Smetana's imagination as the lu-  
tic asylum, in which he was to die two y-  
leter, closes in on him. Obviously, this was  
what the composer intended; but today it is  
plausible interpretation which works well up  
a point. It leans the work towards the seri-  
as Smetana wished and the music dem-  
and, and thanks to a fine performance by Glen-  
Hargreaves as Volk/Smetana, succeeds  
making a viable and sometimes mo-  
evening.

But, inevitably, this interpretation clashed with the uncompromising happy ending of the opera, and leaves the comic interludes more out on a limb. These interludes are acted with gusto. Rarsch, the Devil (Comboy) oversaw a splendid and well-staged orgy. Although his antics, and those of his identical twin the Hermit, did not blend happily with the more solemn parts of the opera, this was a well-paced and inventive production. The young professional singer-student chorus (which was particularly well-handled) aroused more interest from the audience in the Bloomsbury Theatre than the first performance apparently did at the Regent.

The conductor, Christopher Offend, brought out the details of the lush and often touching score—which bears no trace of the physical and mental anguish which Smetana was experiencing while composing it—and demonstrated that this work should not be shelved just because of its ungainly libretto. As with many "problem" operas—Weber's *Euryanthe* is a good example—the difficulties of *The Devil and the Seven* should be a challenge, rather than a deterrent. It is to the credit of this enterprise that they accepted that challenge.

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# Compulsive mockeries

John Mullan

SIMON VAREY  
Henry Fielding  
153pp. Cambridge University Press. £21  
(paperback, £6.95).  
0521262445  
JAMES J. LYNCH  
Henry Fielding and the Heliolom Novel:  
Romance, epic, and Fielding's new province of  
writing  
128pp. Associated University Presses. £13.95.  
0838632688

It is a clue to the difficulties which Fielding's novels present to literary criticism that, like the mock-books of other eighteenth-century writers such as Pope, Swift and Sterne, they make the "pitiful critic" their model of a mis-reader. Both Simon Varey's and James Lynch's books inadvertently demonstrate that Fielding's wry attention to the form of the novel is, for once, something other than a hoax to the academic. In their different ways, they are very much works of literary criticism, confronted by texts which make their best (if most fatalistic) jokes out of the debasement of literary precedent.

## Emotional vibrations

W. B. Carnochan

JANET TODD  
Sensibility: An introduction  
169pp. Methuen. £16.95  
0 416 377116

Readers of Janet Todd's *Sensibility: An introduction* who know nothing of sensibility will end up in the situation of someone who tastes nice pudding, having never before tasted rice.

To be sure, any study of sensibility needs to deal as well with the idea of the sentimental. But what is required, especially in an "introduction", is a discrimination of terms. The fact that sensibility refers, at bottom, to mental or physiological capacity while sentimentality refers to qualities of feeling makes no small difference. Although the two ideas, in eighteenth-century usage, are often elided, that elision calls for analysis and should not be taken for granted, because it is not logically inevitable.

The presence of "sense" and "sentiment" in the same constellation of terms requires still greater delicacy of touch. Despite some perfunctory efforts to sort things out (in an interlude concerning "Terms"), Todd fails to do so in her book. On one page we read that "the novel of sentiment of the 1740s and 1750s praises a generous heart", while "the novel of sensibility, increasingly written from the 1760s onward, differs slightly in emphasis since it honours above all the capacity for refined feeling". On the next page, "the literature of sensibility" is said to have had "its heyday from the late 1740s to the late 1770s". It is possible to make sense of this, but confusion is endemic in Todd's approach: she boils up a pudding, easy enough to swallow only because it is amorphous fare.

"For eighteenth-century ideas of sensibility", says Todd, "the most important figure is John Locke." But why? The answer is opaque: "To later sentimentalists he taught the renaissance and primacy of impulse and suggested that sensibility - openness through sensation to the World - was the only route to knowledge." Exactly what does Locke's philosophy have to do with impulse? Furthermore, sensation in Locke is the mind's passive reception of sense data. It has no necessary connection with sensibility in its developed meaning of openness to sensations of a certain sentimental kind. It would be unreasonable to ask for nuance in a review of "Philosophy" from Newton to Adam Smith that covers five pages. But the enterprise should have been thought out more carefully. In Todd's brief survey, Hutcheson gets nine paragraphs; Hume, three; Smith, two. What benefit can there be from such fast cooking?

The writing in this book is as muddy as the thinking. On a single page, we read: "Since

As Varey reminds us, Fielding would call himself *Scriberius Secundus* on the title-pages of his plays, and he pursued the compulsion to parody which the name connotes through the composition of his novels. These substitute the mock-emulation of noble literary forms for the steady observation of tradition, and make the critic the convenient symptom of a culture in which such parody is unavoidable. The critic, we are told in *Tout Jones*, easily mistakes "mere form for substance", and both these modern commentators risk perpetuating the professional habit.

Simon Varey's *Henry Fielding*, a brief guide for students, at least identifies the "calculated brutality" which runs through Fielding's drama and fiction. Its description of how Fielding the playwright combines the burlesque of dramatic genre with satire upon "the corruptions of the whole industry of writing and publishing" looks like a good introduction to his career as a novelist - the new face of authorship. But it turns out not to be. "Mockery" of social and literary conventions is described as distinctive of Fielding's narrative technique, but without historical explanation of its necessity or its effects. Varey's criticism stays doggedly literary. It is mostly a kind of close reading: when it

works well, it is what could be attempted, without such specialist guidance, by the student whom he addresses; when it is pressed too close to the page of Fielding's novels, it forgets what might have been the "substance" of such ambitious fiction for an eighteenth-century audience. It is most accurate when examining the ways in which the narrator of a Fielding novel manoeuvres the judgment of his reader by each liberal "self-effacement" to each coerced conclusion. It is most misleading when it construes Fielding's representations of social difference. Some treatment of Fielding's social pamphlets or political journalism might have indicated to any reader only used to the novels that the tendency in fiction to reveal "heretics among the poor and socially low, villains among the wealthy and socially high" was peculiar to fiction. All platitudes about the affable narrator of *Joseph Andrews* or *Tout Jones* are unsettled by comparison with the repressive strictures of *An Enquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers* or the darkening pragmatism of Fielding's later journalism.

James J. Lynch, in *Henry Fielding and the Heliolom Novel*, is mostly unworried by Fielding's parodic trial of literary models, which is a problem because it is the influence

## Victorian ironies

Roy Porter

J. A. V. CHAPPELLE  
Science and Literature in the Nineteenth Century  
192pp. Macmillan. £20 (paperback, £6.95).  
0333375866

J. A. V. Chappelle has battled gamely to give readers two books for the price of one. Of these, one is a student survey conforming to the protocols of the Macmillan Context and Commentary series: a dauntingly vast terrain to traverse, no footnotes, quotations which come in great slabs (some running to over a page), which are clearly meant to do tutorial service as "documents", and a requirement to parade before students' eyes the latest fashions of the scholarly world. The other, aimed more at colleagues, takes the form of a cascade of pungent and often unconventional insights into the Victorian scientific and literary imaginations, flowing freely from the springs of Professor Chappelle's well-stocked and sensitive intellect.

The resulting book inevitably falls between two stools. Academics will feel somewhat cheated by a text which at times seems little more than a convoy of quotations (no fewer than eight out of the first ten pages of Chapter Five are wholly given over to extracts). Students with essay assignments, on the other hand, are likely to find the linking commentary

## To the Hungarians

We are standing at the border  
we stretch out our hands  
and knot a great rope of air  
for you brothers

of broken cries  
and clenched fists  
a bell is cast and a heart  
sounding silent alarm

the wounded stones are pleading  
the murdered river is pleading  
we are standing at the border  
we are standing at the border

just standing at the border  
the name of which is reason  
we watch the conflagration  
we gawp amazed at death

FRANK HERBERT

Translated by George Gombert and Clive Wilman

on Fielding of certain models of narrative structure which he is describing. He attempts to show Fielding's debt to the conventions of seventeenth-century romances, and derive these conventions from the influence of Heliodorus' *Aethiopica*, a post-classical Greek romance. This could have been a contribution to the history of that struggle for aesthetic legitimacy which, as Lynch rightly notes, the novel undertakes in the eighteenth century. In the event, it is never precise enough about the "romance" elements of Fielding's narratives: "romance" is usually what is "realism", and "realism" is not defined. Crucially, while the book takes speculation on literary influence to be self-justifying, it is not careful enough about Fielding's representations of influence. It is missing some points of Fielding's rhetoric to declare that "sought to elevate prose fiction to the status of the epic"; *Tout Jones* called itself "sat-comic-epic writing", and only the critic is presumed not to understand the joke. Lynch study disdains what are referred to as "biological, economic, and philosophical factors" and its analysis of literary form falls because it is only an analysis of form. Finally, it is just academic.

elusive, because it frequently presumes a midable prior grasp of men and matters. In the course of a single page, right at the end of the book, Chappelle whisks his reader to the *Origin of Species*, through Kelvin's biometrics, taking in Dante, Boccaccio, and the Alice books, and offering us a logic was hardly Victorian but was "twentieth century physics".

Indeed, not only students may find the sometimes puzzlingly elliptical. It is intended to be told that there lay an irony at the heart of Darwin's relations with Kelvin, and that was a "further irony" in the fact that Darwin's area of "least competence" ("genetics") was to be developed by his cousin, the major pioneer, Francis Galton. But the point Chappelle is hinting at - the chasm between the rational history mind and the mathematical mind - cries out for more sustained analysis. After Darwin himself leans heavily upon Malthusian demographic geometry, and his concept "species" was more statistical than Darwinian. Here, as elsewhere, because Chappelle is too quick to pour a gallon into a pint pot, we end up stimulated rather than satisfied.

If frequently tantalizing, however, this is a never dull. Potted histories of the "evolution" of the so-called "two cultures" are often simplistic and question-begging. Chappelle by contrast has triumphantly avoided the "conflict" and the "influence" models, juxtaposing literature and science, and has spared us the most threadbare examples of who is not quoted confessing himself a white leaf for all but science; neither do we have once again dichotomizing between Bacon and Coleridge (though unfortunately he does appear as "James Stuart", thus solving the father/son problem, once and for all), or over-exposed prophetic succession from Wordsworth, via Carlyle, to Ruskin is demoted to their place. Chappelle has some lively, too brief, reflections upon relatively recent figures such as Meredith, W. H. Mallock, Frances Cobba (he is particularly good on the incorporation of the psychology of Robert O'Hanlon's *Joseph Conrad* and *Charles Darwin* (1984) to show that we can't understand Victorian anthropology without first understanding Conrad, and vice versa.

The energy and aperçus are sustained to the end. On the final page no apologetic generalizations; rather we are still being treated to possible links between Conrad and Darwin and Yeats. If the book ultimately comes away feeling frustrated, it is because what he wants is more.

Nicola Bradbury's *An Annotated Chronology of Henry James* (142pp. Clarendon Press, £20.00/10.00 X) is a work, concentrating on the fiction, which traces the development of James's "literary chronology" from his early years in America to his final years in England. It has been lucky, too, in its handling of residents who at critical moments used and shaped the records for posterity. The book is a masterpiece of scholarship.

## Variations in a landscape

J. R. Maddicott

C. WARREN HOLLISTER  
Monarchy, Magnates and Institutions in the Anglo-Norman World  
188pp. Hambledon. £22.  
0307628508  
MARJORIE KENISTON MCINTOSH  
Autonomy and Community: The royal minor of Havering, 1200-1500  
319pp. Cambridge University Press. £30.  
0521320186  
NIGEL SAUL  
Scenes from Provincial Life: Knightly families in Sussex, 1280-1400  
204pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £20.50.  
0195200773  
TREVOR ROWLEY  
The High Middle Ages, 1200-1550  
248pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £17.95.  
0710098154

These four books exemplify the diversification of historical studies over the past forty years. During that period the once uncontested primacy of political and institutional history has been undermined, and subjects formerly regarded as peripheral or ignored altogether - the history of the landscape or of the family, for instance - have edged closer to the centre. At the same time, techniques and perceptions drawn from the social sciences, notably anthropology, have moved in, and the artificial divisions between the traditional sub-disciplines have begun to break down. Nowadays political history, social history, economic history and church history remain more as conventional labels than as sharply demarcated territories.

C. Warren Hollister's collected papers, *Monarchy, Magnates and Institutions in the Anglo-Norman World*, represent the main line of political history at its most fruitful, the Stubbsian stock from which other histories have branched off. Focusing as they do on the reign of Henry I, they rest inevitably on charters and chronicles largely familiar to Stubbs himself; yet taken together they impose an entirely new pattern on the reign. The old view of Henry's government, which saw it as both predatory and partial, had always seemed unsatisfactory, for it failed to explain how he was able to maintain the peace for so long among a baronage apparently divided between court and country, oppressors and oppressed. Hollister shows, by contrast, that Henry's achievement lay in the creation both of new institutions and of a stable political society, in which the old baronage and Henry's new men worked together under royal direction. Medievalists will already be familiar with these papers and no more need be said about them here, save that they constitute original work of a high order and whet the appetite for Hollister's forthcoming biography of the king.

The history of political society under Henry I is largely and necessarily *événementielle*. Only after 1200, when the proliferating records of royal government began to be joined by private accounts, letters and wills, does it gradually become possible to write history which is not primarily linear, administrative, fiscal, tennorial. Marjorie Keniston McIntosh's book on Havering and Nigel Saul's on knightly families in fourteenth-century Sussex show us what

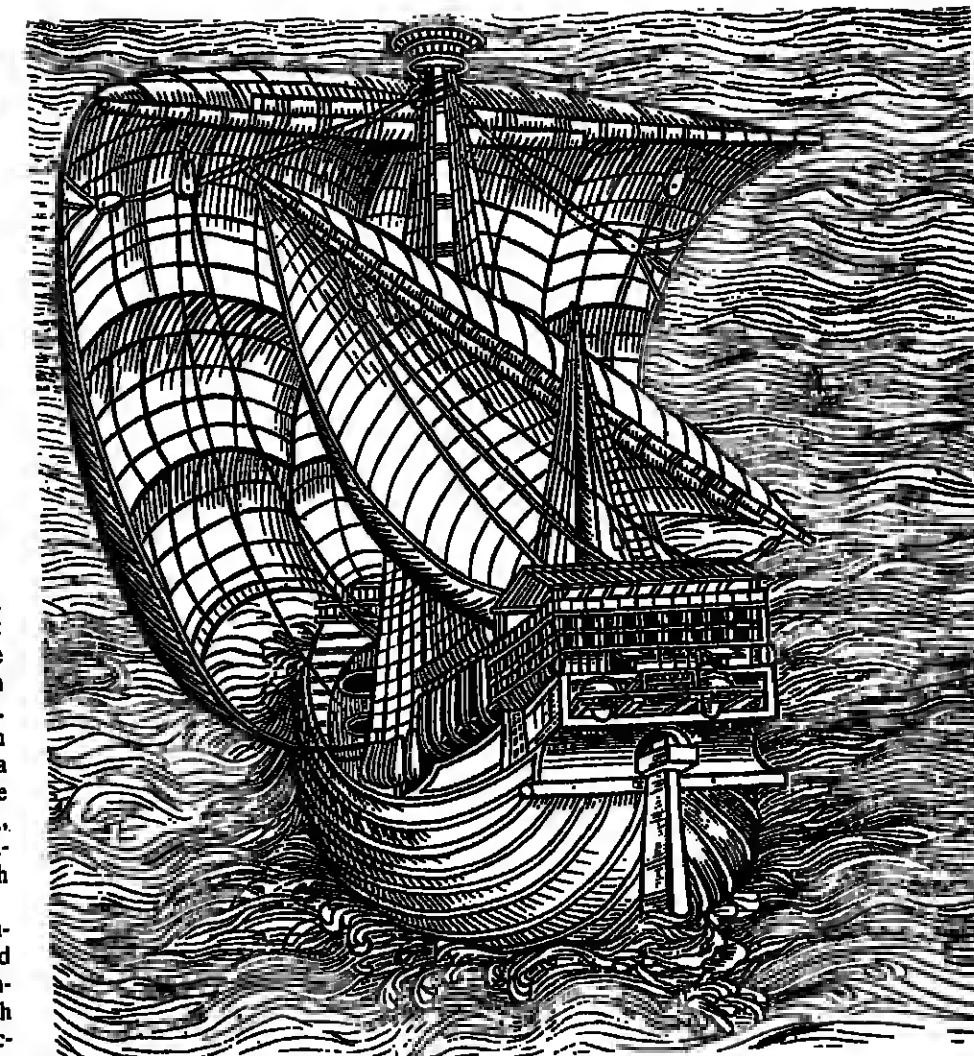
may be done for the more variegated world of the later Middle Ages. Fifty years ago the history of a manor and, had it been attempted, of a county community, would have meant, in the one case, field systems, crop yields, lords and tenants, wages and prices, and, in the other, the shire and hundred courts, the sheriff, the eyre and the JPs; in other words, rural economy and local institutions. It is to the credit of both these authors that each attempts a much more enterprising reconstruction of a complete society, in all its economic and social and religious complexity.

McIntosh's study of Havering is especially suggestive. It deals with a great royal estate, some way beyond the north-east fringe of London, whose inhabitants, like those of other royal manors, possessed peculiar privileges: minimal labour dues, free alienation of land, and exemption from those servile incidents, such as payment for the marriage of daughters, which weighed heavily elsewhere. In addition, and by a process of fiscal conservatism not easily explained, their rents and services came to be permanently fixed at the level recorded in 1251. They enjoyed two other advantages. First, the proximity of London stimulated both an active land market and the growth of a commercial economy. Second, extensive woodland created opportunities for assarting, the enlargement of tenements and the reinforcement of the tenurial freedoms with which assarting was often associated.

These conditions brought about the evolution of a particularly open, prosperous and individualistic society. It was dominated by independent farmers, whose holdings were both enclosed and exceptionally large. The restrictions of communal agriculture were absent, and by the mid-thirteenth century the social structure at Havering already resembled that which emerged over much of England after the Black Death. Wealth and independence fostered local initiatives in matters of government, where sheriffs and royal justices played only a limited role, and, more surprisingly perhaps, in religion. By the late fifteenth century the local churchwardens were appointing their own priests, without regard for the patron, and the laity whom they represented were beginning to seek new ways of alleviating poverty.

This meticulous and well-written book rests on a daunting range of sources, published and unpublished, and has implications which go well beyond its prescribed limits. It offers a kind of counterfactual paradigm of what rural life in medieval England might have been generally like without lordship. The point should not be exaggerated: Havering's peculiarities owed as much to the abnormal stimulus to prosperity and diversification given by access to London as to weak control from above. McIntosh's work nevertheless throws into sharp relief the degree to which seigneurial pressures impeded economic growth in less favoured places, and lends weight to those who see lordship rather than demographic change as the mainspring of the medieval economy. No one taking the line from Liverpool Street to Chelmsford, which bisects the old manor of Havering, would guess that this tract of grimy suburbia once supported one of the most thriving and distinctive of English communities.

Saul deals with a narrower sector of society



An engraving of a German ship with square sail and stern rudder; originally from *Peregrinations of Brendenbach*, Mainz 1486, it is reproduced here from *The Cambridge History of the Middle Ages* (1220-1520) edited by Robert Fossier (554pp. Cambridge University Press. £25.0521266467).

in a wider region. If Havering was an unusual manor, Sussex was an unusual county. Its elongated shape, and its lack both of an obvious centre (even the county court moved around) and of any pre-eminent magnate, left its knightly families more tightly bound to their tenants and neighbours than to lords or to their fellow gentry in other parts of the shire. Saul concentrates on three such families, the Etchingshams, the Sackvilles and the Waleyses, whose muniments, by a piece of good fortune rare for their circle, have in part survived.

His thoughts on their economic circumstances after the Black Death will probably provoke most interest, for the prosperity of the knightly class at this time is peculiarly difficult to gauge. The Etchingshams, at least, seem to have done well for themselves, certainly until the late 1370s and possibly beyond. They were able to avoid the soaring wage-bills which afflicted other landowners by making their farm manager, the reeve, pay excess wages from his own pocket, while at the same time compensating him by slackening their control over his perquisites. That the gentry are unlikely to have been doing badly in the late fourteenth century has until now been little more than a commonly held intuition. Here it receives reasoned support.

Like many of their kind, Saul's gentry were not only estate managers but *dévots*, at a time when devoutness was taking new forms. The declining interest of the Etchingshams in their family monastery at Robertsbridge, for instance, and their grandiose rebuilding of Etchingham parish church in the 1360s reflect a move away from the traditional ecclesiastical institutions towards a more domesticated religion: a trend often commented on, but rarely so precisely exemplified as here.

Saul's book has many of the same qualities as distinguished his earlier pioneering study of the Gloucestershire gentry: an awareness of geography, a sense of place, and a perceptive eye for the physical remains of the past, as well as for the records. But some faults have to be set against the rewards and discoveries which he offers. His interpretations are sometimes open to question. In puzzling over the peculiar fact that in the 1370s and 1380s Sir William Etchingham was apparently paying his bills in grain rather than cash, he dismisses shortage of coin as a possible explanation. Yet there is a good deal of evidence for just such a shortage in just this period. In other places the book shows signs of hasty production, with

cross-references uninspired, proof-reading errors, an incomplete index, and one passage from a document transcribed in different ways on different pages. There is no map to locate the manors mentioned, nor any list of their surviving account-rolls, making it difficult to assess the quantity of evidence available for each. Despite these minor blemishes, it remains a highly individual and enterprising work, whose narrowly focused beam illuminates a wide and obscure tract of country.

In their particularly the studies of both the medieval social landscape. Beneath the large and unifying simplicities of royal and noble lordship, county and manor, lay a diversity of local societies, matching the intimate, patchwork quality of the physical landscape from which social variations so often derived. Trevor Rowley's book deals mainly with man's impact on that landscape. Although his is not primarily a work of original research and is intended for the general reader, he offers much more than the familiar trudge around wool churches and deserted villages. Drawing on wide reading, and aided by his own sharp eye, he provides a valuable synthesis of recent work. Anyone wanting to know the state of play on the evolution of field systems or the interpretation of moated house sites should start here. On some subjects - the failure of the Welsh Marcher boroughs is a notable case - Rowley gives us what cannot be found elsewhere. This is an encouraging book, for it proves that the specialized monograph does not rule and that good history can still be written for the layman. If such intelligent popularization can grow from an expanding view of what constitutes academic history, that can only be to the subject's benefit.

In *Feudalism to Capitalism: Peasant and landlord in English agrarian development* (255pp. Macmillan, £8.95, 0 333 40476 9) John E. Martin attempts "to analyse the development of feudalism and the transition to capitalism in the hope that a more adequate understanding of the emergence of capitalism in the West might arise". He discusses "the concepts by which structural analysis of feudalism and the transition to capitalism may be achieved" and considers "the significance of class struggle between peasant and landlord in engendering the changes which occurred". The book includes as a case-study an analysis of the Midlands Revolt of 1607.

John E. Martin



# From street-wise to rule-free

Alan Forrest

DAVID GARROUCH  
Neighbourhood and Community in Paris 1740-1790  
278pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.50.  
0521 302325  
JACQUES-LOUIS MÉNÉTRA  
Journal of My Life  
Translated by Arthur Goldhammer  
368pp. New York: Columbia University Press.  
\$30.  
(021 061285

Community is a very amorphous concept, whether for the historian or for the student of contemporary society. Unlike the relationships of the workplace, ties of neighbourhood and locality can seem dull, a rather prosaic amalgam of gossip and routine. Especially daunting is the tendency to blend community with nostalgia, to treat the everyday social intercourse of the street and the market as part of a sepia-tinted picture of a world we have lost. In Britain a whole publishing industry has grown up around nostalgia of this kind, often focusing on urban communities in the East End of London or in the mill-towns of the North. In

France, where more city-dwellers have their roots in the soil, community tends to be presented as an essentially rural quality, and regiments of sociologists have descended on hapless Breton villagers in the footsteps of Pierre-Jakez Hélias. The resultant monographs are often excellent in themselves. But, as David Garrouch explains in his study of eighteenth-century Paris, there has been little attempt to integrate findings on the nature of community into the mainstream of popular history.

Of course Garruch is not the first to show such awareness: in Louis Chevalier's work on nineteenth-century Paris there is a more than passing acquaintance with the local community; and Richard Cobb has written of the neighbourhoods that make up the city with a sensitivity that betrays deep affection. Where the present study breaks new ground is in offering a detailed account of the overlapping socialities which constituted the local community in which Parisians lived – the worlds of stairway and courtyard, of family and workmates, of labour and recreation. Garrouch's book is based largely on an analysis of the disputes which came before the *commissaires au Châtelet* in the second half of the eighteenth century. It is true that not all Parisians are equally represented: the rich and powerful

scarcely appear at all, and unskilled workers only rarely. But for shopkeepers, journeymen and workshop masters these documents are an unparalleled source of information and insight.

The picture that emerges is of a society where neighbourhood played a formative role in shaping people's lives and perceptions. Children grew up in the neighbourhood, developing local ties and friendships which would last for the rest of their lives. The social skills which they picked up in their youth came as much from the street as from their families. The street, indeed, was all-important – it was the street which defined the local community, with its shops and market-stalls, its bars and wine-shops, perceived as part of a shared community territory, as extensions of the public domain. The street was also the accepted focus for community activity and for public confrontation. Much of the evidence of the Châtelet concerns disputes over territory and the use of space, disputes which were generally conducted in the full glare of communal publicity, by carefully regulated insults. In sifting and presenting this evidence, Garrouch goes far to re-create the mentalities and shared experience of ordinary Parisians in the decades before the French Revolution.

Jacques-Louis Ménétra was the product of just such a community in eastern Paris, a glass-worker who served his apprenticeship, left on his *tour de France*, and returned to Paris, where he settled down in his turn as a workshop master. His journal, reproduced here with a splendid commentary by Daniel Roche, is a precious social document, a unique glimpse into the eighteenth-century craftsman's world. In many respects it is a farago of boasts and lies, but its significance rests less in the things

he claims to have done than in the vision it provides of the values of his times. For here is an account of what Ménétra wanted to be remembered by, the kinds of stories with which he might impress his friends. He devotes much space to his youth and to the years he spent on the road – like many craftsmen he looked back with great warmth on that period of adolescence and irresponsibility. It was a period of generosity and camaraderie, of companionship and fun. Away from home for the first time, the young artisan was freed from the strict code of family and community, and it was this absence of rules which was his most powerful image of the new life. Fantasy and pleasure became the alternative code of the young, who gave over their leisure to pranks and laughter and, above all, to the rites of friendship. Money was no longer earned than it was spent on lavish communal meals and long nights of carousing. Their culture was a violent one, with frequent brawls between companions and clashes with the law. In many ways they were the football supporters of their generation, hedonistic and care-free and at war with established authority. It was a masculine culture of shared joys, shared deprivation, and shared sexual experience.

Sex, indeed, plays a large part in Ménétra's memories of his past – in his youth, before he married and settled down, he records fifty sexual encounters, without counting occasional romps with prostitutes and illegitimate daughters, too numerous to list in his journal. Of the women we learn little. In the macho world of the artisan they were *faibles*, conquests to be boasted about, trophies to be held aloft as evidence of sexual prowess. Ménétra may often be crudely exploitative, but he is never erotic.

## Cross-Channel purposes

Roger Mettam

JEREMY BLACK  
Natural and Necessary Enemies: Anglo-French relations in the eighteenth century  
220pp. Duckworth. £19.95.  
0715620940

In two years, Jeremy Black has produced three substantial books and a number of smaller pieces, a considerable physical achievement. Unfortunately, this latest work has all the faults of his earlier writings. An addicted researcher, he revels in archival sources and quotes from them incessantly, but he persistently fails to stand back and evaluate them for the historian. In contrast, he dismisses many other historians in a cavalier manner, without any attempt at debate. Significantly, therefore, this book contains an impressive list of the archives he has used – from Vienna, Dresden and Turin to Gateshead, Chesham Mendip and Columbus, Ohio – but no bibliography of secondary works. His debt to other scholars is briefly recorded only in occasional references among the otherwise heavily archival footnotes.

One of Black's charges against fellow writers has some substance. Many diplomatic historians prefer to study the progress of negotiations rather than the influence of domestic pressures on the making of foreign policy, but his decision to make a "noble exception of Graham Gibbs", while a wholly justified tribute to that much respected scholar, is a little hard on the few others who have written diplomatic history from this viewpoint. Ironically, Black demonstrates the difficulties of this approach through his own inability to offer a convincing assessment of internal pressures on policy-making in his chosen period.

The first part of the book is a chronological narrative, to provide a context for his subsequent discussion of themes. It contains a mass of detail, a host of personalities and a superfluity of quotations. Yet vital facts are omitted, trivial ones included, and certain undeniably important but obscure matters thrown in without explanation. The reader will need extensive prior knowledge in order to keep pace with Black as he tries to condense eighty years of diplomacy in England, Hanover, France,

Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, Austria, Russia and the Dutch Republic into sixty pages. Nor is it clear that the resulting jumble of ever-changing relationships, where the complex interests of individual nations almost matter away from the arena of ideological preferences and to give it a sharp focus. According to Dummett, a proper insistence upon use is certainly needed, and when it is supplied it radically affects the way in which the meaning of sentences is to be described. Either the notion of a "truth condition" is avoided altogether, or if it is allowed at all it walks on a very tight logical and epistemological rein. So right, in fact, that quite common ways of thought – notably our belief that every proposition is either true or false – cannot be guaranteed to be correct. In arriving at this conclusion, Dummett modelled his approach on that of the mathematical intuitionists, who, not unreasonably, believed that in mathematics proof is the prior notion to truth, and used this to force modifications in our notion of truth, and in its midwife, inference. The conception of a truth condition Dummett opposes is usually called a "realist" one, and his "anti-realist" polemic is aimed at finding a suitable replacement for it.

The thematic chapters are frankly a disappointment. Black is obviously more at ease with the Walpole period than the later years, but even for the first half of the century there is no serious consideration of domestic influences on French foreign policy, despite his claims in the century in the conclusion. He concentrates on Britain and its perceptions of France, homing in on us with newspaper polemics and snippets from correspondence. The results of his investigations are less than dramatic. The impact of religious differences remains "difficult to assess"; whether hostility towards France increased is also "a very difficult topic to assess"; so too the impact of incessant anti-French propaganda "is difficult to assess"; and later, "not that the intensity of hostility is easily susceptible of measurement". At the end of his extensive researches, Black gives the impression that he simply does not know what to conclude.

In his preface he suggests that, by studying the rapprochement of the Walpole-Pitt period, he will prove Anglo-French animosity to have been less inevitable than historians have maintained. By his conclusion, he seems to have demonstrated the opposite. Of course, the two powers might have had, in the short term, identical or compatible goals, but he stresses instead that they were "political, economic, colonial and commercial states" and "ideological rivals", "competing states" and "cultures and antagonistic peoples". What he does prove is that the French were much better at diplomacy than the British, and that the outspoken criticism of its own government by the British press, together with fierce denials in Parliament about foreign policy, led to European powers to regard Britain as not only an unreliable but also a weak state with little to do diplomatic business.

## Realists and anti-realists

Simon Blackburn

CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT  
Meaning and Truth  
Oxford: Blackwell. £27.50.  
0195 142215  
ANTHONY APPIAH  
The Truth in Semantics  
Oxford: Blackwell. £22.50.  
0195 143966

One of the most central, beautiful and difficult disputes in analytical philosophy for (at least) the past twenty-five years has concerned the role of truth and "truth conditions" in the theory of language. An extreme position holds that a proper view of the way sentences of language have their "truth condition" is the first thing that we need to know if we are to understand language. The focus in this view is upon the connection of language with the world, the connection effected because *names* of things, *predicates* delimit sets of things, and *sentences* are true or false in determinate circumstances. Compared to the technical problem of properly charting the structures whereby sentences obtain their meaning, other issues are secondary.

To most philosophers this view would seem at best complacent. It is a way of entering into the world of the drama, of failing to engage with the problems of how reference, predication, assertion and truth are even possible. It neglects the connection of the meaning of language with its use – with experience, activity, and with the responses and purposes of human beings in their societies. To others still there is no worthwhile focus of debate here of course we must emphasize the use of sentences – their use in human beings in human circumstances – in thinking about meaning. But once that is done, we will have found what the theorists of truth wanted: a way of seeing how sentences connect with the world and have the truth conditions that they do.

In Great Britain the leading opponent both of the complacency of bare truth-theory, and of any peaceful compromise, has been Michael Dummett. His achievement was to take the matter away from the arena of ideological preferences and to give it a sharp focus. According to Dummett, a proper insistence upon use is certainly needed, and when it is supplied it radically affects the way in which the meaning of sentences is to be described. Either the notion of a "truth condition" is avoided altogether, or if it is allowed at all it walks on a very tight logical and epistemological rein. So right, in fact, that quite common ways of thought – notably our belief that every proposition is either true or false – cannot be guaranteed to be correct. In arriving at this conclusion, Dummett modelled his approach on that of the mathematical intuitionists, who, not unreasonably, believed that in mathematics proof is the prior notion to truth, and used this to force modifications in our notion of truth, and in its midwife, inference. The conception of a truth condition Dummett opposes is usually called a "realist" one, and his "anti-realist" polemic is aimed at finding a suitable replacement for it.

To many onlookers it has proved baffling to see why truth conditions for undecidable statements should arouse such suspicion, when their meaning does not. Wright sometimes presents it as though a truth condition is, like an old photograph, something to be recognized, manifested, displayed, available, grasped. The "undetectable truth condition" of realist semantics is then made to seem to lack essential qualities, like an invisible photograph. It is, fatally, something "of which" we could not have knowledge, nor therefore can we aim to grasp it or show ourselves to have grasped it. But does this problem depend on a covert reification, treating a truth condition as a kind of surrogate thing? Suppose it is undetectable because it is not grasped by James I weighed on his thirty-second birthday. The fact that he did so has perhaps gone forever without trace. But does this make it unavailable, incapable of being grasped? The natural reply is that there is no space between grasping the truth condition and understanding the sentence. Someone who knows what it would have been for James I to weigh so much can be described as doing so, even if he never grasped it. Wright's question is whether there is a distinctive ability whose exercise could serve as a display of this alleged knowledge, and a good deal of the negative part of his book is taken up with rebutting various suggestions about what this ability might be.

But even when these rebuttals are successful, it remains obscure why Wright finds it easier to suppose that there are abilities which display an understanding of the meaning, than that there are any which display "knowledge of the truth condition". The former would include sensitivity to the right kind of evidence, awareness of the potential defeasibility of evidence, and awareness of the kinds of contingency that prevent evidence from being available, culminating sometimes in a preparedness to realize that we might never be able to know the truth on such a matter (by triangulation we get an adequate fix on the beetle in its box). Why shouldn't these simply display what grasp of the truth condition involves?

The best answer from these essays is that if we take this line we are already shifting our philosophy in a typically anti-realist direction. The realist, on this account, thinks that the place of an assertion in our thoughts is explained by the truth condition that it has; now, however, the truth condition is revealed as an epiphenomenon, a theoretical notion identified solely by the place the assertion has in our practices of taking things in more or less complicated and defensible ways as evidence for it. The realist wants more from the truth condition than this gives him, so that he can think of it as something independent of our assertoric practices which enters into the explanation of them. Then he falls victim to the anti-realist polemic. But it is only by wanting this much more that he deserves his title of realist, for otherwise assertoric conditions are indeed playing the fundamental role in the theory of understanding. In this light, the realist's fault was not mention of undetectable truth conditions – for now we can all join in talking of such things whenever it is undetectable whether X. His fault was to see such things as explanatory of our practices. In this version of the issue, Strawson's rocks of truth are above the waterline, for the seas of argument are concerned to interpret our practices, not to change them.

This answer is best, although it by no means wins the day for anti-realist. It implies a stark contrast between seeing truth conditions as explanatory of our practices, and seeing assertoric practices as so. But in many cases this contrast needs to be viewed with suspicion. It is especially dangerous to suppose that assertoric practices are in standard cases more readily perceived or known about than the very things at which they apparently aim (this is like the literary heresy of supposing that texts are the only things in the world we can think about). The mind that has not learned to think in terms of space, time, causation, and undetectable possibilities is not well equipped to think about assertoric practices either. Typically, an understanding of such a practice and an understanding of its point are too intertwined for there to be a good question of priority. But in some hard cases – statements about the sensations of others, the distant past, classical infinities, possibilities, morals – there is much to be said for identifying our conception of the facts in terms of our practices, with indefinite and incomplete quantities of evidence for them.

There are signs in these essays, and in the introduction, of a gradual shift towards seeing the matter in just this light. It is certainly a light that the work of the later Wittgenstein encourages.

The eleven essays in Wright's collection divide broadly into two groups. Those in the first, or negative group are concerned to make good the case against classical semantics. Those in the second group turn to the positive programme of substituting a new style of semantic theory for the old. They form a very impressive collection indeed: informed, subtle, well-researched, and showing a masterly grasp of the hardest philosophical and logical issues. It is here that the anti-realist research programme has been pursued with the most care and intensity. They make few concessions to the reader. But there can be no excuse, after this volume, for thinking that the truth of thought that opposes the classical picture depends entirely on positivist legacies.

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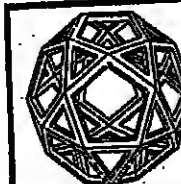
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ages. But it apparently blends badly with one part of the earlier work of Dummett and Wright. This was modelled on intuitionism, and involved possible revisions of logic, in the belief that a proper understanding of the revolution between assertion and truth might undermine cherished inferential practices. On the present suggestion, that will not happen: truth is just whatever property is needed to fit in with existing evidential and inferential practices. These cannot be undermined by thinking about something that is their own shadow. They could only be undermined by (such things as) genuine unsoundness; but classical logic is sound. Dummett thinks this conservatism involves an unattractive "holism" of meaning, but it is far from evident that this is so. Wright is extremely sensitive to this problem, and some of the most interesting chapters of the book show him tackling the question of how to relate what might be called the Wittgensteinian and the intuitionist wings of anti-realism.

In so far as the Wittgensteinian wing is triumphant, it also puts out of court another technical exercise, which is the focus of Anthony Appiah's lucid critical study *For Truth in Semantics*, and of Wright's positive essays. The problem here is this. When detectable assertibility conditions first sought the throne as the central concept in the theory of meaning, it seemed to anti-realists that the technical semantic descriptions of language ought to proceed in terms of them. But these descriptions aim to reveal the content of sentences, and the way that content depends upon vocabulary and structure. Now an undetectable content cannot be identified simply by associating it with a detectable one. So a formula like "Sentence S is assertible if and only if P", where P describes the proper kind of evidence for S, will not give the content of S; we do not know what is left over beyond P, or capable of being true in the absence of P. There has to be such a mismatch, or S would be as detectably true as P is. So such a description does not reveal the content, and is unfit for that place in semantic theory.

Wright shows dogged determination in chasing this problem through many kinds of suggestions, and Appiah is equally dogged in hounding him down as the suggestions fail. The focus of debate is again tensed assertion, since the once and for all fact of what James I weighed on his thirty-second birthday contrasts so starkly with the changeable evidence succeeding investigators might obtain about it. But it is a little hard to see why the debate should ever have got started in these terms. The difference in content between S and P is built into the problem from the outset, and from the Wittgensteinian point of view, it is nothing to be regretted. On the anti-realist story as it now is, truth (and content) emerges from assertoric practices. But there is no reason to deny ourselves use of the specific notions that do emerge, or to regret their contrast with assertibility, or to fail to use them in specifying content.

Appiah's study is refreshingly easy to read by the standards of work on this subject, and is especially well faced with useful examples. It is



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John Hope Mason



## Buried insights

D. W. Hamlyn

JULES VUILLEMIN  
What Are Philosophical Systems?  
163pp. Cambridge University Press. £25.  
0521 305403

excellent on the contrast between assertibility and truth, but not sympathetic enough to the possibility just mentioned that the anti-realist might embrace the contrast without losing his distinctive position. Its main positive contribution is perhaps the reminder that it is not only what counts as evidence for a belief, but also what its consequences are, that must finally identify its "use".

How do these debates relate to more traditional philosophical issues? Dummett and Wright have often been accused of kidnapping the contrast between realism and anti-realism, and using it to label an arcane and idiosyncratic set of problems. But this should now seem quite wrong although it may be harder to make a case that they have genuinely new and overarching perspective on these problems. The issue of whether we really explain cognitive practices by adverting to certain kinds of fact or merely appear to do so, is always central in local debates about realism. The realist explains our thought as an attempt to depict or represent such facts, and the anti-realist refuses to allow that such a gloss explains anything. Traditional focuses of debate include mathematics, morals and possible worlds. The realist starts off by claiming that we need to see our ascriptions relating to special kinds of facts. The anti-realist is suspicious of the explanatory use of these alleged facts for a variety of reasons (mutual facts? possible worlds?) and seeks to give an account of thoughts in the area which do not mention such things. But, in so far as he is successful, he ends up explaining how we arrive at the distinctive content of the ascriptions, how we can talk of their truth, how far it is detectable, what its consequences are, and why we need not feel philosophically guilty doing so. This is better than the illusion of explanation that complacent mention of facts or truth conditions offers. The deeper understanding it promises may solve the question of our right to classical notions.

But the road is often difficult, and thankless when, on the Wittgensteinian route, it ends with saying things that are carelessly taken to be distinctive of realism. People are then apt to think: why bother to think with the learned, which is hard work. If you end up speaking with the vulgar, which is what we did anyhow? It is easy to forget that great philosophy almost always takes us to familiar places, but by unfamiliar means. It is not the least of Wright's virtues that he has followed the road so relentlessly and mapped its vicissitudes so honestly. It is to be hoped that others follow.

Metaphilosophy is not a very fruitful discipline, so few are likely to approach Jules Vuillemin's book with keen expectations. Reaching the hook may well provoke other emotions. A good deal of it is devoted to first-level philosophical issues, problems of perception, language and ontology, for example, out of which the classification of philosophical systems—between which, incidentally, Professor Vuillemin refuses to adjudicate—somehow emerges. How they do so is somewhat obscure, fundamentally because of the book's great compression. It is not exactly over-long, at about 160 pages including notes, for dealing with the vast range of issues which it broaches.

The first chapter aims at "sketching the phenomenology of sensible appearances" and to provide a "description of perceptual organization" which will be independent of, and thus prior to, language. Oddly enough, however, the phenomenology bases itself on something like an associationist doctrine of impressions linked by relations of contiguity and resemblance, and there are many references to Hume. This is a strange starting-point for a phenomenology, since the Humean analysis of experience into impressions and ideas has a purely epistemological basis. Vuillemin claims to provide an account of perceptual organization which language must communicate in terms of impressions, images and representations organized only by contiguity and resemblance. Individual these are put forward in the midst of all this which provide illuminating insights into aspects of perception but the overall scheme seems very odd.

Much the same has to be said about the treatment of language. Vuillemin, reasonably enough, takes the sentence to be the "ultimate constituent of linguistic communication", but then sets out to provide a "deduction", in the Kantian sense, of the categories of natural languages via a classification of elementary singular sentences and how terms figure in them. Perceptual organization is communicated in the ways in which signs in a sentence that "bear the burden of referring" are bound together syntactically. The principle of the "deduction" is said to be: "that the conditions of possibility

for building the symbolic chain constitutive of the singular sentence are identical with the conditions of possibility for identifying the individuals". "There will be as many categories of individuals as there are kinds of elementary symbolic chains apt to be united", and this list of categories "must be put in correspondence with perceptual organization".

The third chapter claims to offer an account of how, in terms of the preceding chapters, we are to construe the development from "myth" to "free philosophy". Vuillemin sees this development as correlative with that of the rise of "axiomatics". Despite what purport to be illustrations of this thesis by reference to one of Zeno's paradoxes of motion and, more briefly, to the Stoic and Megarian discussions of freedom versus necessity, the connection between "free philosophy" and axiomatics remains most obscure. There is, finally, a putative classification of philosophical systems, i.e., ontologies based on what the philosopher in question takes as the highest principles of reality, given the earlier analysis of elementary sentences.

What is one to make of all this? On the face of it, very little. There is reason to doubt several of the more general theses—for example, the emphasis upon axiomatics, and the details of the analysis of perceptual organization; but the more detailed claims defy, more often than not, adequate assessment. If Vuillemin had wanted himself to be understood, he should have written at far greater length and at a lower level of abstraction.

Vuillemin's notes reveal great learning and a wide knowledge of philosophical and other issues both of a historical and of a more substantive kind, and there are in the book, as I have implied, a number of insights on particular issues. It is a great pity that these should be buried in a work whose structure and level of discussion will ensure that they remain buried.

## Questions of being

Christopher Janaway

ERNST TUGENDHAT  
Self-consciousness and Self-determination  
Translated by Paul Stern  
339pp. MIT Press. £29.95.  
0262 200562

"Whenever we used overly grandiose expressions in his seminars, Heidegger time and again demanded, 'Let's have the small things.' " This unlikely remark half-way through Ernst Tugendhat's series of lectures sets up resonances that penetrate the whole of the book. We are abruptly reminded that the author has deep roots in the German philosophical world. Abruptly, because the undoubted hero up until this point has been Wittgenstein—a far more likely candidate for the "small change" remark, as Tugendhat himself appreciates.

These lectures, delivered in 1974-5 in Heidelberg, and published in German in 1979, are much preoccupied with methodology. Tugendhat is something of an evangelist for the approaches of analytical philosophy, which he presents, with a striking baldness and confidence, as radically new to his German audience. The chief target is what he dubs the "Heidelberg School", led by Dieter Henrich, and the chief task to convince them that their view of self-consciousness, largely defined by the framework of conceptions bequeathed by "the tradition" culminating in Kant, Fichte and Hegel, must yield to up-to-date analytical methods.

The question must be raised: "Why translate these lectures into English now, twelve years later?" At first sight they are both too near to the present to be of great interest to a historian of philosophy, and too remote from the forefront of current English-speaking philosophy to put much use. An English audience must be largely unfamiliar with Tugendhat's immediate antagonists, and too familiar with the claim that analytical philosophy can sort out the muddles of all previous philosophy. Then there are other drawbacks of content and of method. Not everyone will find it refreshing, for example, to have it explained in simple language what an indexical or a singular term is. Certainly, most, including the average undergraduate, will not be happy to read in

Matisse's 'crying', "Margot in a kimono", 1935, reproduced from Matisse Prints from the Museum of Modern Art (1999). The Fort Worth Museum of Modern Art, 0870704391.

passing that knowledge is justified truth, a question supposedly settled by the many will find that Tugendhat's explanation of philosophy as "linguistic analysis" has become a unique mixture of the banal and the utterly bizarre.

Tugendhat treats "self-consciousness" as "self-determination" distinctly, though thinks neither can be correctly understood without first jettisoning the model of a subject confronted by a thing-like object. First we are to realize that immediate knowledge of oneself is propositional in form, ways knowledge that I am in some psychological state. Tugendhat's non-sense account of what this involves is straight Wittgensteinian: don't identify myself by any criteria in psychology, but by the way I talk. The argument against private language, because self-ascription is linked to public criteria, is unappealing in its directness, but suffers from confronting many complexities that have entered these debates.

Self-determination, however, explained by Tugendhat as a "practical relation of oneself", seems to offer more. It is here that Heidegger assumes the prominent role. Tugendhat comes into his own. For Heidegger a work live one arguably possesses sympathetic insight into his basic position along with the facility to demand change and supply it when Heidegger's Tugendhat develops a persuasive account of the central theme of *Being and Time*: the necessity of having to ask oneself, with respect to one's immediately impending future, (or who) it is one wants to be. The whole mysterious "question of being" is seen to concern a very radical freedom to question one's desires about what sort of desires one has—have one's "second-order" desires to have one's own existence as such. Tugendhat then leaves Heidegger behind in favour of a revised conception of rational self-determination within a set of social roles, inspired by G. H. Mead.

Despite its limitations, the book is of value for its wide-ranging exploration of questions of self-determination, and because of its attempt to combine an English style of philosophy with a real understanding of German philosophical tradition.

## Living in revelation

Peter Baelz

PAUL AVIS  
Ecumenical Theology and the elusiveness of  
doctrine  
S.P.C.K. Paperback, £5.95.  
0201 041887  
CHRISTIAN DUQUOC  
Provisional Churches  
Translated by John Bowden  
S.P.C.K. Paperback, £4.95.  
0201 041887

Emergences of doctrine within the Christian Church have from time to time led to disruption and division. Zeal for the truth, it seems, cannot tolerate what it regards as erroneous teaching. Salvation depends on getting it right. At the same time, however, ecumenical endeavour, inspired by charity and based on a conviction that the Church should be one, even if God is not, searches for a common mind on the fundamentals of faith. Discussions between theologians of different Churches, representing different traditions, have been a perennially prominent feature of this century. The method most commonly used has been to trace the history of doctrinal disagreement back behind the point at which division occurred, to look for the misunderstandings and distortions which occasioned the break, and to attempt to rethink and restate the doctrine in an acceptable and comprehensive way, so as to incorporate the valid if partial insights which each of the divergent traditions has been determined, even at the cost of schism, to affirm.

This method has met with considerable success. For example, the Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission has over the past sixteen years shown a remarkable convergence of thinking on the doctrines of the eucharist and ministry—sufficient, it is argued, to justify practical steps towards some expression of visible unity. Even on the more searching question of authority there has been a significant *rapprochement*, although here, it must be said, there remain obstacles to be overcome and discords to be resolved.

It is no way detracts from the value of the work that has been done to raise some searching questions about the nature and limitations of the method itself. Does it, for example, rest on the assumption that there is an essential core of Christian belief which can be articulated in objective and universally valid doctrines, and that this core is to be discovered in

some original and unbroken deposit of faith before divisions occurred? If so, does it also assume that assent to the truth of these doctrines—there are no revealed truths, only truths of revelation? Or, as A. N. Whitehead put it, "Christ gave his life; it is for Christians to discern the doctrine". The notion of truth implicit in this point of view is that of personal truth. Being in the truth is prior to knowing about the truth. Propositional truth is not ruled out, nor is its importance denied. But its function in theology is restricted. Consequently, as Avis points out, the proper goal of theological endeavour is no more and no less than an adequacy of doctrine, and all talk of infallibility must be abandoned.

The distinction between personal and propositional truth is not a new one. Indeed Avis himself draws upon the writings of Cederidge, F. D. Maurice, Archbishop Temple and others, and, more specifically philosophical vein, John Macmurray and Michael Polanyi. It is an important distinction and deserves more thorough analysis than it has yet been given. One fruitful line of reflection might be to develop H. H. Price's suggestion that it is love that comes first in the epistemology of faith, a suggestion that is echoed in the very different writings of Bernard Lonergan. This, it is worth noting, chimes in with the whole mystical tradition. But whereas appeal to the reasons of the heart has all too often been made an excuse to out reasons of the intellect, their respective functions are in fact complementary rather than contradictory. Granted that there may be a truth that can be recognized only by the pure in heart, nevertheless within the response of the whole person, embracing insight, feeling and creative reason, the intellect will have its own ascertaining and critical part to play.

If living in the truth is an aspect of Christian faith more fundamental than believing certain propositions to be true, then unity of faith, marked by a shared vision and orientation, may be compatible with a certain diversity of doctrine. A pluralism of understanding and interpretation may even be enriching, and not simply the outcome of limited understanding. Thus Avis argues that, at its best, the Anglican claim to "comprehensiveness" is neither a simple juxtaposition of different views, nor an uneasy compromise between them, nor even a freedom to pick and choose from the available theological options. Rather, it is a recognition, within the context of personal truth, of the necessary polarity of propositional truths which demand to be held in tension with one

another. Thus the authority of the Church is to be found as much in its worship, practical love and holiness of living as in its doctrine, and the unity of the Church as much in its way, or method, of making its judgments as in its conclusions. Avis concludes:

The search for common ground is usually confined to fundamental tenets of doctrine. But might it not be the case that there is also a tacit grammar of faith, subsisting below the threshold of explicit theology, which is capable of being brought out into the open and shown to be a significant dimension of the essential unity of churches?

Although he recognizes that the ecumenical theology which he is advocating will inevitably have an Anglican perspective, Avis distinguishes between ecumenical theology written from within a confessional tradition and confessionally theology itself. The former will possess an openness which is lacking in the latter. It is all the more significant, therefore, to observe parallel movements of thought among theologians of other traditions. Roman Catholicism included. In *Provisional Churches* Christian Duquoc, Professor of Dogmatics in the Catholic Faculty of the University of Lyons, argues that the historical plurality of the Churches must be the starting-point of any convincing ecclesiology, and that "the aim of unity does not call for the abolition of multiplicity". The classical notion that there is some given ideal norm of the Church which must be imposed by a central authority is rejected. There never was such an ideal Church, and never will be this side of the coming kingdom. The traditional marks of the Church—its unity, holiness, catholicity and apostolicity—are eschatological concepts. They introduce into the empirical Churches, which are provisional, the transcendent elements of judgment and hope. It has been a cardinal error of the past to try to embody this symbolic order in a legal order. According to Duquoc, even *Lumen Gentium*, promulgated at Vatican II, "hides the historicity of the church and risks promoting... an idealistic ecclesiology" because of its "deductive dogmatic character". Duquoc's approach is in many ways complementary to that of Avis. "Ecumenism as a task and as an opening up of thought begins where this multiplicity [of the Churches] is welcomed in a positive way." Although he does not actually say so, it would seem to follow that infallibility, like the other marks of the Church, is an eschatological concept. It belongs to God and his kingdom, not to the historical Churches in their pilgrimage.

## The materialist's world

G. Madell

PETER CARRUTHERS  
Introducing Persons: Theories and arguments  
in the philosophy of mind  
265pp. Croom Helm. £8.95.  
07099 34319

*Introducing Persons* is an excellent book—an unfailingly lucid and succinct introduction to the philosophy of mind, rigorously argued, comprehensive and up-to-date. The emphasis on formal rigour is especially pleasing, and anyone who works through this book will have a secure grasp of the issues in contemporary philosophy of mind. Peter Carruthers has also succeeded in connecting up the central issues in this area and presenting them in a continuous argument—the argument links together the topics of other minds, materialism, personal identity, and "private languages".

He rightly feels that the best way of introducing students to these issues is by arguing through to what he feels to be the correct answer to each question, rather than by undertaking an impartial survey of the various positions. Such an approach, requires, nevertheless, that the strongest arguments on all sides of an issue be presented as forcefully as possible, and, in the main, this condition is met. In his discussion of the "private language" issue, in particular, he raises some fresh points which, he argues, enable him to accept the failure of a straight functionalist analysis of sensations, and to replace this by an account which sees sensations as a conjunction of qualitative feel and causal role. Those who disagree with the

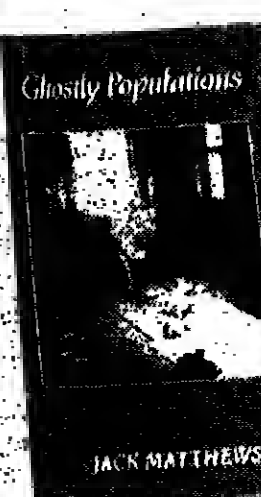
materialism, which Carruthers espouses will be grateful to him for providing what is probably the clearest and fullest presentation of the materialist's case available today, even though they will doubt whether, for example, Kripke's anti-materialist intuitions, or Thomas Nagel's claim that materialism is unable to capture what it is like to have an experience, can be dealt with in the way suggested by Carruthers.

There are two weaknesses in the book, however. First, any discussion of the difficulties which confront materialism ought to consider the question of how "indexical" thought—thought whose content is conveyed by using expressions like "I", "this", "here", "now"—can be accommodated by materialism; connectedly, it is far from clear that even a complete materialist description of the world can give us any understanding of what it could be for some particular assembly of elementary particles to be "me", or "this". But Carruthers's book, like most contemporary treatments of materialism, has nothing to say on this issue. Second, in his presentation of a roughly Cartesian view of personal identity, he does not, I think, give an adequate account of the opposing non-reductionist view. Some philosophers, not all of whom are opposed to materialism, have argued that the identity of the self over time is both strict and not reducible to psychological and bodily continuity. One gets very little sense of this position. Equally, it is arguable that there is no more to be said about what unites the set of experiences in my mind at any one time except that I am aware of them, a point which suggests that the issue of "soul identity" which Carruthers seeks to demolish by building a materialist answer remains unresolved.

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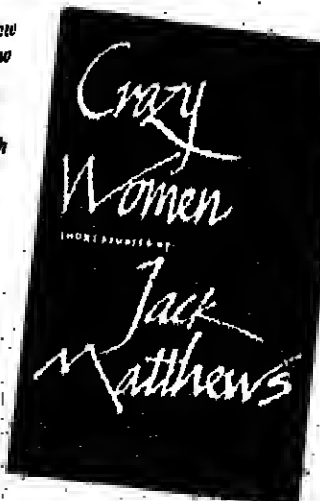
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## Struggling to make sense

Adam Kuper

T. O. BEIDELMAN  
Mural Imagination in Kuguru Modes of Thought  
231pp. Indiana University Press. \$39.51.  
0253 33876 X

At the turn of the century, professional anthropologists took over ethnographic fieldwork from the missionaries and district commissioners. The first generation of professionals specialized in surveys, spending only a few weeks in each tribe or island community but mapping vast ethnographic provinces. In the 1920s, Malinowski established a new apprenticeship which involved one to two years of intensive fieldwork in a single community. In the past three decades there has been yet further specialization. After the initial apprentice study, many ethnographers now return every couple

of years for a further season in the field, gaining a profound familiarity with a particular community over a long period. T. O. Beidelman's commitment provides a good example. His first spell of fieldwork among the Kuguru of Tanzania was in 1957. Since then he has returned three times and spent a total of thirty-six months doing research with the Kuguru and their neighbours.

One unconvincing result of such serial fieldwork is that the ethnographer may shy away from attempting a definitive monograph. Papers appear, but there always seems to be more to find out: letters from informants report new political and religious movements; yet another expedition is being planned. All the time, too, the ethnographer's interests and perceptions are shifting, and fashions are changing in the discipline. The problems which first engaged an ethnographer may come to seem less interesting, or less current. Professor Beidelman claims in addition a principled reason for his own delay in publishing a monograph. He is

convinced:

that most of us are too precipitate in publishing our views on our ethnographic research. . . . Most anthropologists do their initial research while still in their twenties, as I did. While they undoubtedly often collect copious and accurate information, their youth probably impedes both their ability to appreciate society as a totality and, more serious, their appreciation of the essential paths and ambiguity of social life. If youth provides the robustness to facilitate ethnography, middle age provides reasoning and perspective.

Virginia Woolf wanted novelists to hold back until they were thirty. Beidelman evidently thinks anthropologists should hang on until their fifties, with a splendid disregard for tenure.

In Beidelman's own case, the product of this long commitment and restraint is a fine ethnography of an East African "matrilateral" society. Several of the chapters appeared earlier in the form of papers, but they have been substantially reworked, and the book provides a cumulative series of insights into what the author terms the imagination of the Kuguru, the way in which people brought up in this particular cultural tradition make sense of their world. He explores ideas about time, death, history, sexuality, ancestors and witches, and pays special attention to Kuguru folk-tales, where "Kuguru imagination goes furthest toward exploring the dangerous significance and possibilities of human feelings, motives, and conduct".

It must be said that in some ways the product

of Beidelman's hard-won maturity has a rather old-fashioned look. He has written a static and timeless ethnography of a traditional, unchanging people at a time when African studies are dominated by history. The real historical experience of the Kuguru, which includes the slave trade, German and British colonialism and Tanzanian independence, is virtually ignored, although Beidelman has in fact taken on these questions with insight elsewhere. The restriction of focus to the "tribe" is especially problematic in the case of a people who evidently lack a political identity, and whose culture is fairly typical of those found throughout a well-documented province.

This brave indifference to contemporary fashion should not, however, mislead. Professor Beidelman is no middle-aged fogey. He is engaged with a central issue of modern anthropology, the problem of translation, of reformulating in a comprehensible way profound alien ideas. He shows that the Kuguru imagination is not a still mirror of social values but an individual resource, a mode of combat and assertion, and a means of reflection and even critical speculation. "Each Kuguru struggles to shape a meaningful and expressive world. The ceaseless struggle stems from a pathetic tension between the individual and others, and the culturally defined objects which they create." This perspective, which he traces to Simmel, provides a salutary corrective to the prevailing, passive image of the alien imagination within anthropology.

## The Flood of Silence

"What killed Pushkin was not d'Anthes' bullet; what killed him was lack of air" — Alexander Blok  
"What a devil's trick that I should be born with a soul and talent in Russia" — Pushkin

On London nights, Decemberish, icy,  
When streets and sky and Thames are all  
One shimmering cloth, gold-stippled, pricey;  
When the wind hardens to a wall  
On corners where theatres glitter,  
And words are tossed away like litter  
While golden eggs lay pizza-chains  
And burger-bars and video-games,  
I think of you in Tsarskoe Selo.  
Writing your ode to Liberty:  
Bliss was it in that dawn to be  
A dreamy, radiant young fellow,  
Saved from Yakutsk, if not from court,  
By exile of a milder sort.

I think how silence spreads its rivars  
Over unstable, swampy banks;  
Even the bronze-wrapped horsemen shivers  
As bridges float away in planks.  
A wave shins up a lamp-post's rigging;  
First doors, then balconies are swigging  
The muddy water, then the chimneys  
Of plump St Isaac's; on it climbs . . .  
Miraculously, we can hear you  
Still, as if you were a bird  
— Art with an olive-sprig: absurd  
Image that surely falls to cheer you  
As you gaze out of Leningrad,  
Your mausoleum, huge and sad.

You built your ark, although the rising  
Flood was almost at your throat  
— A speedy, shapely, un-capsizing  
Twentieth-century language-boat;  
But still the future's uncreated,  
And writers with an elevated  
Sense of buoyancy tend to drown  
In deaths as airless as your own.  
Brave actor, forced to play the gallant,  
Whip, in that proud, possessive place,  
Adultery giggled in your face.  
You died, having bemoaned your talent,  
In shallow rivers of your blood  
— Though you survive the greater flood.

CAROL RICHENS

## The local and the textual

Nigel Barley

JAMES CLIFFORD and GEORGE E. MARCUS  
(Editors)  
Writing Culture: The poetics and politics of ethnography  
305pp. University of California Press.  
Paperback, \$9.95.  
052018729 5

Writing Culture cannot be regarded without a measure of irony. It is the record of a conference held with all the panoply of the most conservative academic tradition, yet vigorously denouncing the institutional and literary framework within which anthropology exists. For anthropology is not held to produce understanding (albeit flawed), or explanation (albeit partial), or even interpretation (albeit inadequate): it simply produces texts. These are shaped by the unseen band of the ethnographer, who creates and sustains the entity he studies, using identifiable tropes to convince, calling upon institutional forms of authority to dominate, and presenting the whole within an alien political and historical framework. The whole enterprise, in fact, is heavily structured in advance.

It may seem strange that few anthropologists would deny out of hand such apparently serious allegations. It is only change that makes us aware of the structures in which we live and the discipline has undergone considerable change in recent years. The cover of this work, showing Stephen Tyler as a field-worker, indignantly writhing noises against the background of a bored "local", testifies to the acceptance of a powerful autobiographical element in the encounter with other cultures.

The essays range from detailed textual dissection to grandiose visions of future metamorphoses of the subject. Several authors feel obliged to apologize that this is not explicitly a feminist book, and laid their text with the use of the word "sex-unspecified human". A summary of some contributions will best give the flavour of the whole.

Mary Louise Pratt convincingly teases out the threads of "arrival stories", showing the intellectual genealogy of these introductory chapters of classical monographs and the subtle preconceptions that lurk in them. Vincent Crapanzano offers us close analysis of Clifford Geertz: "The authors are challenged, and all make use of many different rhetorical strategies for convincing the reader and presumably themselves, of the accuracy of their descriptions." Predictably, Geertz does not hold up under close scrutiny. R. Rosaldo makes an ambitious comparison of Evans-Pritchard's *The Nuer* (anthropologically approved) with Le Roy Ladurie's *Montauillon* (anthropologically scorned), and shows both to be guilty of disconcertingly similar acts of violence against their subject-matter, of hijacking the identities of others to force them into a pastoralist mould. This is merely condescension and nostalgia for lost innocence.

This theme is taken up later by James Clifford, who also writes the introduction to the

volume. The basic concept here is that of "illegory". Ethnography, through both its subject-matter and form evokes morally charged stories of a cosmological nature. Thus, in the Margaret Mead/Derek Freeman controversy concerning Samoa, "Mead's 'experiment' in controlled cultural variation now looks less like science than allegory — a too sharply focused story of Samoa suggesting a possible America. Derek Freeman's critique ignores any properly literary dimensions in ethnographic work, however, and instead applies its own brand of scientism, inspired by recent developments in sociobiology." Clifford locates ethnography within the dominant allegory of pastoral regret: "Allegories of salvage are implied by the very practice of textualization that is generally assumed to be at the core of cultural description". The anthropologist, then, is interpretable as the preserver of something endangered and ultimately doomed, in an act of selfless paternalism.

The most authoritative essay is that of Paul Rabinow, who has moved in and out of a number of ethnographic genres. Succumbing to an inevitable temptation, he turns textualist critiques against their own practitioners — asking that self-reflexive anthropology become indeed self-reflexive. In so doing, he effectively writes his own counter-introduction to the book, in accordance with the "polyphonic" requirements of the new tradition.

At first glance, James Clifford's work, like that of others in this volume, seems to follow naturally in the wake of Geertz's interpretive turn. There is, however, a major difference. Geertz (like the other anthropologists) is still directing his efforts to reinvent an anthropological science with the help of textual mediations. The core activity is still social description of the other, however, modified by new conceptions of discourse, author or text. The other for Clifford is the anthropological representation of the other. This means that Clifford is simultaneously more firmly in control of his project and more parasitical. He can invent questions with few constraints: he must constantly feed off others' texts.

Underneath the politeness one recognizes the "I was there — you weren't" invocation of ethnographic authority that makes the programmatic statements of Tyler and others in this volume sound like Orwell's "striptease performed in pink limelight". Indeed, Rabinow convicts textualists of using all the tricks of the ethnographic writer's trade, but, strangely, does so merely to excuse this as a blindness inspired by post-modernism.

The volume ends with a remarkably blind section by George Marcus on the institutional and career frameworks of anthropological writing. Curiously undiscussed is the framework within which academic conferences are arranged and the necessity for academics to publish, regardless of the originality of the papers they give.

The last word goes to Rabinow:

The interpretive turn in anthropology has made its mark . . . but it is still not clear whether the deconstructive-semiotic . . . is a salutary loosening up, an opening for exciting new work of major import, or a tactic in the field of cultural politics to be understood primarily in sociological terms.

It cannot really be claimed that this book gives us the answer.

## Into the garden, Maud

Penelope Hobhouse

JOHN ELLIOT  
Victorian Gardens  
144pp. Batsford. £30.  
0194 4783 X

John Elliot's book is the first serious work on Victorian gardens. It is both a reference book and an enjoyable and educational read. It also has some of the qualities of a detective story. Who influenced whom and who led the way in garden design? At the end of the book, horticultural giants such as Loudon, Paxton, Edward Kemp, Blomfield and Robinson still dominate the scene; but they are placed in context: their ideas, writing and design schemes are shown as logical developments of what has come before rather than as lightning bolts of genius. Their own gardening definition is not a still mirror of social values but an individual resource, a mode of combat and assertion, and a means of reflection and even critical speculation. "Each Kuguru struggles to shape a meaningful and expressive world. The ceaseless struggle stems from a pathetic tension between the individual and others, and the culturally defined objects which they create." This perspective, which he traces to Simmel, provides a salutary corrective to the prevailing, passive image of the alien imagination within anthropology.

Dr Elliot has most satisfactorily interwoven biological sequence, the very diffuse strands of economic, social and commercial development which influenced Victorian gardening. At the same time, the multiplication of plant introductions from all corners of the world was matched by an increase in the technical skills of growing and arranging plants. By the end of the century both owner and designer had to some extent been superseded by the professional head gardener. Elliot's thorough knowledge of the whole Victorian world, as well as his encyclopaedic knowledge of contemporary horticultural journals, ensures that he writes equally authoritatively and realistically when he extends his theme from architecture to plants and horticultural practice. Ideas and philosophy relating to garden design, derived in the eighteenth century from literature and painting, had to be adapted to a new age where everything seemed possible — from Paxton's magical Crystal Palace in 1851 to projects, in 1877, to enclose the Albert Memorial in a giant conservatory to protect it from pollution. During the Victorian age gardening was extravagant and exotic; a time of design eclecticism and experiment

when an individual's understanding of beauty became more important than any overall conception or discipline.

Stylistic terms used early in the period, such as picturesque, gardenesque and what Elliot calls transcendentalism, implying man's triumph over nature through his inventiveness, sometimes confuse as much as they edify. As scientific knowledge, cheap labour and wealth gave opportunity for experiment, so theories were freely adapted. Elliot traces the major trends in gardening fashion without excluding tangential forays to describe individual and sometimes eccentric forms of gardening. The influence of thematic gardens such as that at Biddulph Grange in Staffordshire, until recently in danger of decay but in 1986 acquired for conservation and restoration by the National Trust, is explored. Individual features from Biddulph were copied and adapted by designers such as Edward Kemp. By the 1860s the principle of separate enclosures and independent scenes linked by some overall allegory came to rival the Italianate schemes of Barry and Nesfield. Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe's twentieth-century philosophical and compartmental garden designs for Sutton Place near Guildford seem closely related, functioning, as Elliot says, "as digests of the history of civilization". The outline story of the last quarter of the century seems more familiar; in detail it clarifies the background to the much exaggerated Robinson/Blomfield feud. *Victorian Gardens* continues into the twentieth century in search of a truly English style.

Elliot's notes are excellent; the bibliography of both contemporary and modern sources is arranged impeccably and will be an essential *aide-memoire* to anyone involved in more research in the period. There are, however, editorial faults: it is difficult to relate notes to the relevant text and there are few colour illustrations, although some of the best of them are by E. Adveno Brooke from *The Gardens of England* (1857), seldom if ever reprinted. It would have been helpful if the plan of George Fleming's terraces at Bowood (which is exact), had been included so that the design ideas could be compared with the realization, as portrayed in Brooke's painting executed only a few years later.

## Rus in suburbe

Alexander Urquhart

STEFAN BUCZACKI  
Ground Rules for Gardeners: A practical guide to garden ecology  
240pp. Collins. £12.95.  
000219221

Among the many statistics in Stefan Buczacki's *Ground Rules for Gardeners*, a figure of 3,000 square kilometres is given for the area of the British landscape enclosed by private gardens. The number of nurseries which have sprung up to equip this ever-increasing garden acreage is almost certainly equalled by new publications on how to manage it. The best way to ensure a measure of originality in books concerned with general advice is to approach from an untrod direction, and this is what Buczacki has done. Ecology is a word which has been so misused as to leave its true meaning obscure. Dr Buczacki reclaims it for science and redefines it simply as "what lives where and why". He anticipates objections to an ecological study of a man-made environment:

The gardener treads a narrow line between control and controlled; there is a limit to how far he can choose his choice of plants, when he can sow and place them, and which he may place together . . . The garden is one of the most complex of habitats . . . and yet is one to which many of the basic principles of ecology have seldom been applied.

What follows is not, however, an examination of the ecosystem of those 3,000 square kilometres of British garden. Instead, Buczacki's concern is to examine the ecosystem that exists in the natural habitat of the plants we introduce to our gardens and to show that our understanding of them and what possible a transposition of the original conditions will result in a garden environment which contains healthy plants and avoids the excesses of artificiality. Buczacki's lucid explanations of the workings

of climate and soil are illustrated with elegant diagrams, graphs and charts; practical advice is well integrated, although there are times when the ecological connection seems forced.

The book looks superb: its proportions are good and its design follows the *Time-Life* pioneered format in which there are rarely more than two pages of text between excellent colour photographs and diagrams. Buczacki though has arranged a marriage between detailed technical explanation and traditional gardeners' technique, between plantmanship and textbook botany. *Ground Rules for Gardeners* contains much fascinating information, but as with most such marriages there is a lack of natural cohesion.

## Compost corner

Mark Ridley

MICHAEL CHINERY  
Garden Creepy-Crawlies  
172pp. Whitet Books. £5.95.  
0905483448

Many gardeners will have overlooked the affairs of the great grey slug, but if you peer around your compost heap by torchlight on a summer night you should see them in pairs, spraying each other with slime and climbing vertical surfaces to suspend themselves in mid-air by a mucus rope. They should then coil together with "white gentility oozing out from the front of each slug and becoming fan-shaped". After the slugs have inseminated each other in a slimy hermaphrodite embrace, they separate back into the night.

Michael Chinery aims to draw the gardener's attention to this and other easily observed

## Designer bloomers

Ruth Isabel Ross

ROY STRONG  
Creating Small Gardens  
144pp. Conran Octopus. 28-32, Shelton Street, Covent Garden, London WC2. £11.95.  
185029 067 9

Roy Strong has a fundamentalist approach to garden design. As an art historian he is inspired by Renaissance architects who designed house and garden as a unity. In a small garden, as in a great one, design should come from the house; overall unity should be the aim. As Sir Roy is a "design gardener" he is relaxed about the choice of plants. There should be plenty of them, overplanted and in harmonizing soft colours. But they should be pulled together by a strong framework and a very few well-chosen features. An elegant seat, a rose-covered arbour or a cone of topiary is helpful as a focal point.

Strong is discerning about garden ornaments, warning us to be wary of statues. One ornament is enough for a small garden; he suggests a stone bull, a pineapple finial or a large ornamental terracotta jar. There is a sensible section about container plants, so attractive when well tended yet so tiresome to maintain. Face up to your weaknesses, the author suggests, before launching into pot plants.

## Academe in Eden

Allen Paterson

PATRICK GOODE and MICHAEL LANCASTER  
(Editors)  
The Oxford Companion to Gardens  
635pp. Oxford University Press. £29.50  
019 866123 1

A glance at the first and last entries in *The Oxford Companion to Gardens* shows that it might be more exactly described as a companion to garden design.

Aalto, Alvar (1898-1976), Finnish architect, designer and artist. In addition to being one of the greatest architects of the modern movement, Aalto made notable contributions to garden and landscape design . . .

Zug, Szymon Bogumil (1733-1807), was the most influential and energetic propagandist of the English picturesque garden among the Polish neo-classical architects of the 1770s and 80s.

The blurb reinforces this view with the information that the book

takes as its subject the history and design of gardens all over the world from the earliest known examples to the present day, and is the first comprehensive reference work of its kind. It is a descriptive account of actual gardens in all their manifestations and of the elements involved in their making, rather than a practical manual on how to design and maintain a garden.

It is only recently that past and present gardens of common or garden vertebrates. His book is not, primarily an identification guide, but an easily readable and light-hearted introduction to natural history. He describes the animals' habits, explains where they can be found and whether they are beneficial or harmful to the garden. He also suggests how each kind of animal can be encouraged into or discouraged from the garden.

Those who take Chinery's advice will spend more time poking around in the compost heap and observing its inhabitants through a magnifying glass than in doing any actual gardening; and when they do return to work it will be to plant "marigolds of all kinds" in their vegetables. The marigolds "will attract hordes of hoverflies" whose larvae will deal with aphids. Readers will surely broaden their experience, and stop the slaughter of harmless creepy-crawlies. Whether they will also move their marigolds to the vegetable patch I do not know; some would say it is the best place for them.

Will you water and fertilize them regularly? If so, and only if so, go ahead. There are stone baskets and delightful urns to be had in natural materials and any garden can be transformed by the clever use of pot plants.

The "Dream Gardens" shown in the book are interesting and varied; some are unexpected, like roof-top, multi-level, Japanese and subtropical gardens. There is one garden given over almost entirely to water, with a murmur jetty and some streamside plants. The dell garden is lush and mysterious, the informal garden a splendid throng of plants surging round a curved path. The romantic garden, of course, hurgons with roses, one of them trained over a frame to make an arbour, a charming neo-medieval feature admirably suited to a small garden and often referred to here. There should be arbours in many more of our gardens. An extensive choice of plants is provided in the dream garden's detailed plans, but no measurements are given. These would have been useful. Nor do we see the points of the compass, so important for any garden. No sun-loving plant will flourish in front of a north-facing wall.

The only disappointing photograph is of a slightly ragged box parterre in a shady town garden; a parterre looks happier in an open sunlit position. Otherwise all the garden views are enticing and the text is encouraging. Anyone about to create a small garden will find inspiration here.

den design has attained the eminence of an academic discipline, but the *Companion* does fulfil a real current need. The book's 1,500 entries describe over 700 gardens as well as giving technical terms and biographical information; 174 expert contributors are listed; and it is indicative of how long the work has been in process that the first editor, Peter Hunt, and a number of his colleagues, have sadly not lived to see their contributions published.

Sir Geoffrey and Lady Jellicoe are consultant editors and Michael Lancaster and Patrick Goode the executive editors. In both the Jellicoes' preface and Lancaster and Goode's introduction it is emphasized that the concern is for garden design as an art-form and as "one of the major contributions to the visual arts".

The main difficulty has been the selection of material, and in this the stated choice has been the avoidance of gardens, often important from a horticultural standpoint, which are judged as being "neither representative of a trend nor outstanding in their own right for the quality of their design"; the book is intended to counterbalance the emphasis on plantsmanship and horticulture which is usually the main concern in this sort of work.

Entries on plants are so brief and generalized that perhaps they would best have been omitted entirely. To be told that "the herbaceous or Chiloese peony is native throughout Eurasia" is remarkably vague, while under "Heather, an evergreen shrub, often dwarf, belonging to the Heath family (Ericaceae) and characterized mainly by its growth requirement of an acid soil" we learn that of the southern African species "Many . . . will survive in sheltered locations out of doors in Northern Europe". This is surely inaccurate. Then come listed species native to the British Isles, about which far too little information is given. Again, in order to avoid the horticultural, no account has been taken of changes in the meaning of terms since they were first coined: it is right that herbaceous borders should be shown to have pre-Robinsonian and Jekyllian origins, but surely today's Bressingham extension into island beds is significant enough in terms of design to warrant inclusion.

However, in spite of these difficulties the *Companion* is a splendid addition to the shelves of anyone interested, historically, socially and artistically, in gardens and garden-making. Some areas, such as gardens in Africa and other "new" lands, have not been previously discussed; and brought together by cross-reference for the first time are comments on all the major gardening countries, east and west. Disappointingly, the book is poorly illustrated.



# TLS Listings

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The TLS Listings provides full publication details of those books received each week by the TLS which seem to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not, however, included. Publishers are asked to ensure that they let us have all the necessary information, including price and publication date.

## Anthropology

DeVos, George A., and Takano Sotome, editors. *Religion and the Family in East Asia*. California UP. 267pp. £13.50 (paperback). 0 520 05762 7. Stocking, George W., Jr. *Malinowski, Rivers, Benedict and Others: Essays on culture and personality* (History of Anthropology, vol. 4). Madison: Wisconsin UP. 257pp. \$25. 0 299 10730 1. 3/3/87.

## Architecture

Goodwin, Geoffrey. *A History of Ottoman Architecture* (1st pub. 1971). Thames and Hudson. 511pp. illus. £14.95 (paperback). 0 500 27429 0. 2/3/87. Saunders, Matthew. *The Historic Home Owner's Companion*. Basingstoke. 171pp. illus. £14.95. 0 7134 4230 1. 2/2/87.

## Art

Kubovy, Michael. *The Psychology of Perspective and Renaissance Art*. 192pp. illus. £27.50/\$39.50. 0 521 25376 4. 1/2/87. Mango, Maria. *Mandell Silver from Early Byzantium: The Kaper Koron and related treasures*. Baltimore: Walters Art Gallery. 294pp. illus. 0 911886 32 X.

Perloff, Marjorie. *The Futurist Movement: Avant-garde, avant-garde, and the language of rupture*. Chicago UP. 288pp. illus. £22.25. 0 226 65731 0. 3/3/87. Schwegler, Gunter. *Der Codex Welfer: Zeichnungen nach der Antike von Amico Aspertini* (Studies of the Warburg Institute, vol. 38). Warburg Institute, University of London. 133pp. plates. £20. 0 85461 064 1.

Stoddell, Dore. *Bill Reid*. Vancouver: Douglas and McIntyre. 192pp. illus. £25. 0 85894 503 5. Spender, Stephen. *Photographs by David Finn in Lina's Garden with Henry Moore's Sculpture*. Thames and Hudson. 127pp. illus. £8.50 (paperback). 0 500 27410 X. 3/3/87.

Stephens, Suzanne, editor. *Building the New Museum*. Architectural League of New York/Pinceton Architectural Press. UK dist. Architectural Press. 96pp. illus. £12.95 (paperback). 0 9104133 9. 3/2/87.

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